

**Roll Over,
Chuck Berry**

ROLLING STONE

Berkeley:

The Battle of People's Park

**Jonathan Cott
Interviews
Jean - Luc
Godard**

ACME

No. 35

JUNE 14, 1969

UK: 2/6 35 CENTS



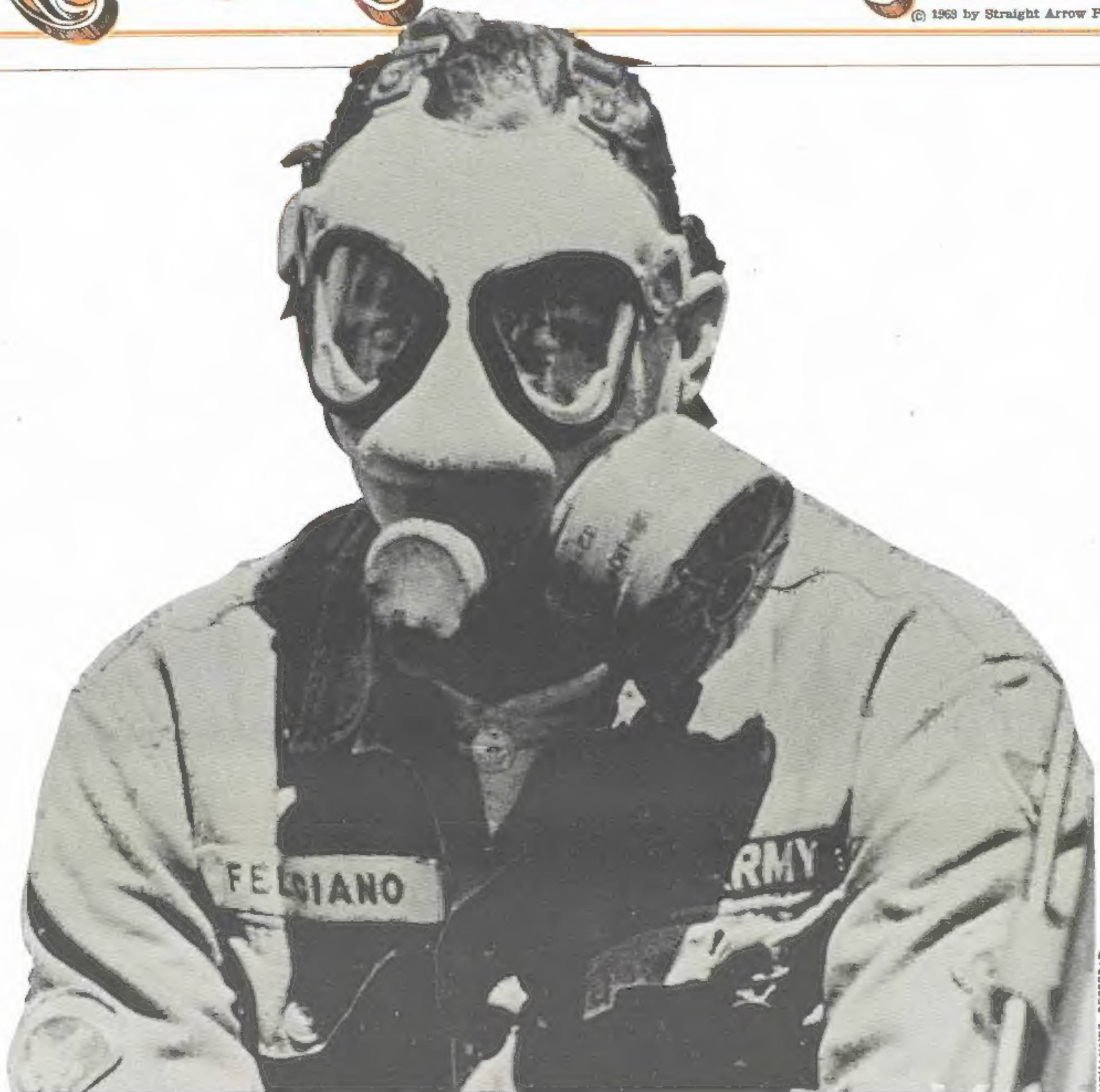
Chuck Berry

ROLLING STONE

'All the News
That Fits'

No. 35
JUNE 14, 1969

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This is Corporal Feliciano of the National Guard, one of 2000 men called up by California Governor Ronald Reagan to bring a halt to the Battle of People's Park. The Guardsmen were used to herd the students from one end of the campus to the other, advancing with their bayonets before them. They put up barricades, manned them, flew over the area in helicopters, cleared the streets and assisted in making arrests. After six days of this, the Guardsmen began to tire of the game. They are young men—many of whom are in

the Guard because the prospect of serving more than six months in uniform is so distasteful. Feliciano and his squad were detailed to clear Telegraph. His associates hassled one student after another and finally Feliciano had seen enough. He threw down his helmet and his rifle and said he'd do no more. He wasn't about to put any more people through all this bullshit. He was arrested himself and taken away. The battle continues, meanwhile, with no light visible at the end of the tunnel.

The Battle of People's Park

The following reportage from the Berkeley campus of the University of California was done by John Burks, John Grissim Jr. and Langdon Winner.

BERKELEY—People's Park was just starting to amount to something when the war broke out. There were ten rock gardens, several swings, sand boxes, parallel bars, monkey bars for the kids. Over half was covered by new sod. There were three apple trees. The first seeds in the People's Revolutionary Corn Garden had sent down roots and had begun to sprout. The park was sanctified by a cross section of young Berkeley clergy, and architectural and environmental critic Alan Temko had called it "the most significant innovation in recreational design since the great public parks in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries."

Street people and Berkeley students had built it—or were building it—they had lots of plans. But now the State, propelled by the will of a Governor who has vowed to put an end to demonstrations on California campuses by any means necessary, was going to take back People's Park. The University had posted notices saying they planned to take back what was theirs. The street people began circulating a "Proclamation by Madmen" which promised that five million dollars in damage would be done to the University if it reclaimed this one million dollar, block-sized plot of land.

There was a lot of brave talk and the battle lines were drawn. And the war began at 4:45 on the morning of May 15, when 300 police cleared the park and took up positions. At 6:00 A.M., with a smallish crowd of onlookers in attendance, a seven-man crew

started at their work of erecting an eight foot steel mesh fence around the University's "property." The crowd had grown—and the taunting had gotten heavy—by noon when the crew had finished.

Meanwhile, 2000 were holding a demonstration on Sproul Plaza to decide what to do about the park. One of the final speakers was the Rev. Richard York, who ministers to street people and students out of his Free Church. "The spirit," intoned York, ornately clad in his multi-color vestment, "which built the People's Park is stronger than tear gas and clubs." The final speaker, student body president-elect Dan Siegel (who has since turned himself in on charges of inciting to riot), shouted: "Let's go down and take the park!"

And shortly the battle was joined.

At this writing, over 256 people have

been arrested, dozens have been admitted to hospitals and medical clinics, and one boy is dead.

The Alameda County Sheriff's deputies who arrived to bolster the Berkeley Police Department were armed with shotguns. According to Sheriff Frank Madigan, they were given either Number 8 or Number 9 birdshot to use. This is a critical matter, because this birdshot is somewhat smaller than a BB, and while it can do damage, it is not generally considered lethal, except possibly at close range.

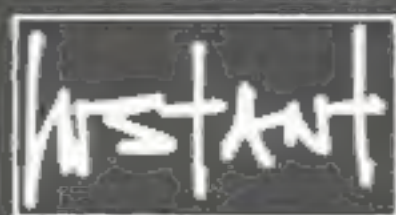
But the three slugs which were dug out of a dead man who had—according to eyewitnesses—been shot by a sheriff's officer were .00 buckshot. These are huge pellets, one-third of an inch in diameter, and they can blow a hole in the side of a car.

—Continued on Page 24

as safe as yesterday is
is okay for some
but not for humble pie



humble pie
a new fusion soon





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Rolling Stone is published by Straight Arrow Publishers, Inc., 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103. Main editorial and business offices are located at the same address. Telephone (415) KLondike 2-2900.

Rolling Stone does not assume any responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts and photographs. Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California, and at additional entry offices. Published bi-weekly in San Francisco.

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For information regarding retail and wholesale distribution (not subscription), please contact: Acme News Company, 119 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10003 (212) ORegon 3-6050.

Rolling Stone is available by subscription (see back cover) at the following rates: twenty-six issues for \$8.00; fifty-two issues for \$10.00. Add three dollars for subscriptions outside the United States. One year air-mail subscriptions outside the United States are available for \$24.00 per year. Canada: \$3.00 for 26 issues.

This edition printed on May 21st for newsstand sales until June 14th.

CORRESPONDENCE, LOVE LETTERS & ADVICE

SIRS:

Bob Dylan singing "Lay, Lady, Lay," begins to resemble Bing Crosby doing his famous rendition of Paul McCartney singing "Hey, Jude." CATHERINE FORESTVILLE, CALIF.

SIRS:

The V.F.M. is neither a large organization nor a world-wide one. Established last year, its sole purpose is to honor one Michael Phillip Jagger in perhaps the highest way a member of the female sex can honor one of the male, i.e. protecting her virginity against all comers, and "saving herself" (so to speak) for one: in this case Mr. Jagger. Actually, the V.F.M. understands that having Mr. Jagger himself appear is not too likely. We merely wish to save a few maidens for as long as possible, for who knows what will happen in the future?

Thus, the purpose of this letter. The V.F. M. formally issue a plea to a great many members of the male sex. If the female you happen to be associating with is by any chance a member of the V.F.M., kindly think twice before closing in. Our organization cannot long endure at the rate members are becoming "non-members." Hoping to obtain co-operation, I remain sincerely yours,

SECRETARY OF THE V.F.M.
 MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

SIRS:

To suggest, as Tony Heilbut's letter in April 5th issue does, that Johnny Winter "donate a large portion of his fantastic \$300,000 advance to the great blues musicians without whom he wouldn't exist" is, at the very least, unrealistic.

Son House, Robert Johnson, Tommy McClennan and the rest made blatant copies of one another's recordings throughout the Twenties and Thirties and I doubt seriously that they went around donating their money to one another. I also doubt that Otis Rush, Freddy King, Buddy Guy or Magic Sam have ever donated any of their earnings to B. B. King, without whom they wouldn't exist.

People like Mr. Heilbut would do the bluesmen a far greater service if they'd cry out for a decent record producer instead of charity. KEITH FERGUSON HOUSTON, TEXAS

SIRS:

Can't take it no longer. Why does ROLLING STONE continually avoid a serious confrontation with the new jazz? The John Burks piece on the Berkeley Festival was good, strongly opinionated and did reveal knowledge about the new jazz today. But there ain't no excuse for the slick if well-intentioned reporting about some of jazz's heavies. Burks evolves I guess from the hip white rock scene, while the new jazz is becoming increasingly part of that scene (if too slowly), and not to know who, say, Eric Dolphy was would be bummer.

As a concerned honky, I resent Burks' snide putdown of the new jazz as "barren." Well, part of it anyway. The bad part. Shepp. Hard as nails, in complete control. And who's following who: Pharoah following some jackoff rock group? Jazz trailing rock in "innovations?" That's a honky for you. Always new toys, new things, new new new.

Rock will try, but it ain't goin' nowhere. The heart is black, Burks, like coal. Watch out.

ROBERT OPPEDISANO
 NEW YORK

SIRS:

I adored Richard Brautigan's depressing poem in May 3rd issue. Please print it again. PATRICK PROCKTOR LONDON

SIRS:

In my opinion Richard Brautigan is one of the greatest writers. While reading one of his stories ("Elmira") stoned last night, I completely freaked. Wow, it was great. Thank you for printing them.

P.S.: Your special on Revolution 1969 was fantastic. Maybe we ought to give it to all the asses who are going to cause it. JEFF PRINCE WEST BABYLON, N.Y.

SIRS:

About four weeks ago, the Youngbloods played a free concert on Cambridge Common. They played a fine set and even had most of the people up and dancing by the end. This nice gesture brightened up everyone's Sunday afternoon. But it was too good to be true.

The Unicorn, where they were playing all week, paid them only half their fee, due to "breach of contract." The owner of the Unicorn filed suit against WBCN-FM who staged this concert.

This is ridiculous. Business will screw the musician every time.

This kind of thing makes me want to wipe my ass with papers and magazines like ROLLING STONE, Fusion and Crawdaddy who help the music and the musicians and contribute to the scene in general.

BARRY KAPLOVITZ
 CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

SIRS:

I think there is strength in Leonard Cohen's voice. I think it's wasted energy to listen to a record in order to write a down review of it. DANNY ROTHOLZ BUFFALO, N.Y.

SIRS:

If I used your record reviews as a guide to my personal record purchases, I would have the worst pile of garbage in the history of record collecting.

A few issues back, your unbelievably fucked review of Led Zeppelin. This, plus past reviews of Creedence Clearwater, Cream, etc., and this would be okay, if you were somewhat consistent. But then you come back with, "The Velvet Underground latest album . . . will go a long way toward convincing the unbelievers that the Velvet Underground can write and play any kind of music they want to with equal brilliance." And the Mary Hopkins Post card . . . "an absolute must for Paul McCartney people."

I don't know where the musical taste of San Francisco is at, but if your magazine is an indicator—perhaps you

—Continued on Page 4

Random Notes

So the Sons of Champlin almost pulled a fast one on the album jacket of their *Loosen Up Naturally* LP. Disguised in among the primitive, multi-colored artwork, in tiny letters, were the words "big fucking deal." And it almost got past Capitol Records' execs, but not quite. So it took a crew of eight men (hired through Manpower) three solid working days to scratch the barely perceptible legend off the 100,000 covers Capitol had run off before the offensive wordage was spotted. Big fucking deal, huh? As it turns out, they let the word "bastard" (which is to be found on the inside cover) alone.

You've heard of musicians who are so good they can make their axes talk? Van Dyke Parks' current project is to compose music for an Ice Capades commercial, and he's learning how to play the Moog synthesizer in ex-Limeliter Alex Hassilev's recording studio. And—that's right—Van Dyke has taught the Moog to talk. But as much as we'd like to report its first word was "Daddy" (or perhaps "bullshit") Parks has got it saying—what else—"Ice Capades." Chunder of the month.

The Canada Council tried to grant singer/composer/poet Leonard Cohen a Governor-General's Award for Literature in recognition of his poetry. But Cohen wasn't buying. Cohen's telegram to the Council said: "May I respectfully request that my name be withdrawn from the list of recipients of the Governor-General's Award. I do sincerely thank all those concerned for their generous intention. Much in me strives for the honor but the poems themselves forbid it absolutely."

Love, the Los Angeles group that has never really gotten it on, is still trying. The band had gone down three times and everyone assumed it had drowned. But no, not yet anyway. The band's temperamental founder-leader, Arthur Lee, reorganized the group and took it into the Whisky a Go Go recently. Only Arthur Lee remains. All the other faces are new.

The band also has changed record labels, leaving Elektra after producing three albums and half a dozen singles. Love is now signed to Blue Thumb.

One other change, as noted in a review in *Cash Box*: "... the new Love contradicted the mannerisms of the old group, by arriving on time, refraining from drawn-out tune-ups, and thanking the audience after each number. What more could anyone ask?" *Cash Box* asked.

ROLLING STONE's own Ralph J. Gleason, has been nominated for an Emmy for co-producing an TV show on Duke Ellington. Gleason, along with Richard Moore of KQED, San Francisco's educational station, was nominated for their one-hour film on Ellington's "Concert of Sacred Music" performed at the Grace Cathedral. The program was aired on the NET Playhouse last year.

They'll find out whether they get the statuette on June 8th when the MC gets down to the "Outstanding Variety or Musical Program" category.

The California State Legislature is presently pondering a bill which would make it a misdemeanor to "simulate" sex acts or "deviate sexual conduct" during a play, movie, television production, or other exhibition on a state college campus. This is in reaction to a highly controversial performance of Michael McClure's play *The Beard*, where cunnilingus is portrayed, at Fullerton State College in the heart of very conservative Orange County. Note: if passed, the bill contains one glaring loophole—since it deals only with simulated fucking. Get it on, brothers.

Frank Zappa and associates have another new record company. Label's name is Straight and it will have Alice Cooper, Tim Buckley and a host of others. So that makes two record companies for Zappa, whose first, Bizarre, has for its slogan: "Just what the world

needs—another record company." No reason he couldn't use the same slogan for Straight, too.

Dylan/Cash revisited. They'll duet again on Cash's next LP. And Cash's next single will be a Dylan song, name of "Wanted Man"—which Dylan originally wrote for the Everly Brothers. It was called "Fugitive" then but it has undergone such changes in the meantime that Bob felt it was no longer suitable for the Everlys and laid it on Cash instead.

It is beginning to come together for Sun Ra. He and the Solar Arkestra are doing three week-ends in Detroit, playing on rock and roll bills, winding up at the First Annual Detroit Rock and Roll Revival along with Chuck Berry, Johnny Winter, the MCS, Dr. John and others. Credit for getting Sun Ra's cosmic music into places where we can hear it goes to John Sinclair, spiritual advisor to the MCS, who arranged the Arkestra's Detroit stopover.

Jack Casady has lost his bass. There was an equipment fuck-up at Kansas City recently, and afterward the dark mahogany, remodeled Guild, with its rich inlay of mother-of-pearl along the neck, was missing. Possibly a rip-off. The serial number is 16265. If you see somebody else playing that bass, deck him, grab the bass and phone the Jefferson Airplane collect. They're offering a reward. The instrument took a year and a half to build to Casady's requirements.

The Magic Christian, the next Terry Southern movie (which, like his *Candy*, will feature Ringo Starr), has a prominent scene in which a freak millionaire humiliates *The American Way* by sticking out for grabs a huge container of money—mixed with shit. Scene is being filmed in New York's Wall Street district, and Terry Southern is holding out for the real shit. Southern has also announced that (1) *Candy* is "a giant sleeping pill" because of the numerous rewrites he had to do on it, and (2) in a couple of years the stag film will be driven out of business by the sex in ordinary movies.

Straight, unadulterated, from the May-June, 1969, Byrd Bulletin:

"Be a Byrd Song Writer! Another exciting new membership contest is being sponsored by the Byrds International Fan Club. Roger McGuinn has announced a unique new contest idea: For this one, he and John, Clarence and Gene will compose and play original music for *The Best Song Poem* a fan send in accompanied by three or more new memberships! Winner of the *Song Poem Contest* will receive a tape of the prize-winning number played by the Byrds. And there will be a prize for the fan who sends in the *Most* memberships, too!"

(Note: Memberships cost a dollar each.)

Department of Companies We Wish We Owned: that founded by Denny Bruce, manager of Shakey Jake and Albert Collins, and named for a fictitious brand of beer created in Zap Comix—Tree Frog Publishing (BMT). Bruce has just sold eight original Shakey Jake songs from the Tree Frog catalog to Bob Krasnow of Blue Thumb Records—which, Bruce says, represented the entire catalog of the new firm. He's looking for new songwriters, so if there is anyone out there who wants to be associated with Tree Frog Beer...

That story about the black man who killed two motorists on the Pennsylvania Turnpike April 5th, then shot his wife and himself to death and wounded 15 others, didn't tell the half of it. Donald Lambright's father was Stepin Fetchit, a black film actor who portrayed classic Uncle Toms in Shirley Temple movies and the like. Lambright was described by his uncle, who is director of the New York Project Upward

—Continued on Page 38



LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

—Continued from Page 3
all ought to come east on your vacation this summer.

CHARLES LAQUIDARA
WBCN-FM
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

SIRS:

Remember that Handy Little Device you gave with the very first subscriptions? Well, after serving us well for hundreds of joints, it has finally expired. If you have any left, could you please send one? If not, my roaches salute you.

BOB BARNETT
LOS ANGELES

SIRS:

I heard the band at the Fillmore East and I read Ralph Gleason's wonderfully true and evocative account of their San Francisco concerts and I have to point out that you Yankees are missing out on something about the band simply because you are Yankees. It's the sound of the band's voices I'm talking about—that pure, clean, masculine, mountain-stream vocal quality is absolutely Canadian. Really, it's one of our prides; listen to Ian Tyson or Neil Young and you'll hear the same thing.

The band learned their early stuff with the marvelous (and, in the U.S., neglected) Ronnie Hawkins, a superb teacher, right here in Toronto's rock and rockabilly clubs, but their voices (leaving aside Ronnie's fellow Arkansas native, Levon) are utterly Canadian.

JACK BATTEN
TORONTO

SIRS:

Today on an acid trip two of my friends and I were listening to the English-manufactured copy of *We're Only In It for the Money* when flash! one of us suddenly realized that this copy had been savagely aborted. It says, "I don't do publicity for you any more," instead of "I don't do publicity *balling* for you any more." Also, "I love the cops when they kick the shit out of me on the street" is omitted.

Why can't we have the pornography here? We're all normal and we want

our freedom. So maybe you should do something. Maybe not. Do what you think best. Forget the whole thing. But wait, this Matters.

BOB
MANCHESTER, ENGLAND

SIRS:

I heard Frank Zappa speak April 28th at the University of Tennessee in Knoxville, where he was supposedly going to show his new film and give a talk. No film. But he still got his \$1,200. He bullshitted the audience with more pretention and condescending crap than I could put up with.

I guess he figured he could get away with it because it was a small town and an isolated and culturally starved bunch of people. Fuck 'im. I was just passing through.

BILL TOURANGEAUX
NEW YORK

SIRS:

I'd let my daughter fuck Mike Levesque, but I wouldn't want her to marry him.

JIM WILES
COCONUT GROVE, FLA.

SIRS:

I think that Bobby Goldboro's lying when he tells that girl, "I'm a drifter," because after all he *did* marry Honey. (Or do you think they were just living together?) And then there's his song about the girl who got menopause, I think—and that's an awful long time for a drifter to stick around. But maybe this song takes place before he met Honey. Or maybe Honey is the girl he's singing to and he really *does* come back to her after he's done drifting. Or maybe it takes place while he's married to Honey and that means he cheated on her—if you can imagine anyone being crazy enough to cheat on Honey. I don't know.

PATTY HACKET
NEW YORK

SIRS:

To Big Brother and the Holding Company: "Mr. Natural," eh? You bastards! You beat me to it! HARI SELDON
WOODSTOCK, N.Y.

Genesis.

It started like this. When Delaney met Bonnie a dream took shape. "We had this dream," says Delaney, "to try to do something...to go almost hungry for a while to write songs for an album and get a band together." For nearly two years they searched.



"We had to have a certain band. We couldn't just settle for any...for this group it had to be just right." The dream became a group called "Delaney & Bonnie & Friends," and a brand new first Elektra album. "We had this dream," says Delaney, "and it finally came true and I can't believe it." After 34 minutes and 39 seconds, you will.



THE ORIGINAL DELANEY & BONNIE & FRIENDS
EKS 74039
ALSO ON ALL TAPE CONFIGURATIONS BY AMPEX

Fillmore Fans Watch the Flames

NEW YORK—A three-alarm fire in a next-door supermarket forced the evacuation of 2200 persons from the Fillmore East May 16th, just as the Who were finishing their first show.

Everyone in the auditorium got out, through side doors, without injuries, and the Fillmore, as it turned out, suffered no damages.

Still, the fire, which virtually leveled the supermarket, caused cancellation of the second show and resulted in the filing of an assault charge by the NYPD against Peter Townshend.

The Who were on stage, performing songs from their new opera, *Tommy*, when the fire broke out. Fillmore manager Kip Cohen knew about the blaze and was told that his building was at least temporarily safe. So to avoid any possible mob scene, he chose to hold off the evacuation announcement until the end of the Who's set.

So, with no one in the audience suspecting anything, a Tactical Squad cop in street clothes surprised the audience—and the Who—by leaping onto the stage and making a grab at lead singer Roger Daltrey's mike, yelling "Give me the mike" without identifying himself. Townshend kicked him off stage, and the group finished its set. The "assault" charge was pressed after the concert, and Townshend has to return to New York for a May 27th court hearing.

The Tac Squad man is claiming that Townshend scuffled with him and kicked him in the balls; further, that he showed his badge. However, the Who (who have all been named in the original arrest warrant), along with witnesses, say they have photographs showing that the cop's badge was never in sight during his visit of the stage.

Nevertheless, Townshend wound up spending one night in the tank, and he had to be bailed out by Bill Graham.

This time, the Who didn't bother going through their destroying-the-equipment bit after their performance. The crowd went and watched the supermarket instead.

Leary Cut Loose, Wants to Run

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Supreme Court has struck two vital blows at Federal marijuana laws by upsetting the conviction of Timothy Leary, who'd been sentenced to a five-to-30 year stretch for a half-lid of cannabis found in his car in 1966.

In a unanimous decision the Court said the former Harvard psychology professor and head of LSD (League for Spiritual Discovery) was protected by the Constitution from having to pay a tax on the marijuana.

Had Leary paid the tax, Justice John Harlan reasoned, he would have risked self-incrimination by exposing himself to state prosecutions. Leary's failure to pay a \$100-an-ounce "transfer tax" on marijuana was one of two laws he had been convicted of violating. The other one makes it illegal to import grass from abroad without government authority.

Leary was busted when he crossed the International Bridge from Mexico with the half-ounce of dope. He admitted possession, but denied importing it. He said he took it from New York to Mexico and then back into the United States.

The high court ruling applies only to Federal law and leaves many state anti-grass statutes untouched. Still, said Leary, who now spends a good deal of his time on a ranch in California's San Jacinto Mountains, the judgment puts marijuana laws "in a state of chaos—and that's all to our advantage."

Leary has been quiet these last couple of years, except for a couple of books and a visiting lectureship at UC Berkeley (he teaches a credited course entitled "The Psychology of Pleasure"). But now he sounds like he's ready to jump back into the public spotlight.

He is running for Governor of California in 1970.

The new political effort does not, however, mean that Leary is going back on his own widely-publicized exhorta-



The Fillmore East and its burning neighbor. If you can't stand the heat . . .

tion for everybody to turn on and drop out and stuff.

In fact, Leary said, "My campaign will consist of celebrations in every major community in the state.

"We're staging a new political party, but not the cigar-smoking, backroom caucus kind with the old familiar political games. We're having a party with an exclamation point (!). We'll travel by caravan, set up teepee headquarters in the central park of each city, gather rock bands together and celebrate."

Leary, who's been arrested 14 times for transgressions with various dope laws, didn't mention drugs. But he did hope, he said, "to turn on the entire state."

Leary, who sandwiches short nervous titters between sentences, said that, with a year and half before Election Day, "We're just getting our heads together or work out a program to reward every-

body."

The basic plan, Leary said, calls for paying cops so much money that they'll be jolly all the time. "If the police are mad," he reasons, "we're all in trouble."

Also in line for financial regards: the right wing and Black people. "And, let's see. There'll be no mention of youth because they're pretty happy already."

Is Leary really serious about this?

"I'm definitely not serious—that is, like grim serious."

Is he legally qualified to run?

"I've paid taxes in California the last 20 years. And I may have 14 arrests, but not one conviction."

Leary concluded: "We've got a lot of time. We're inviting all visionaries to help map out the campaign. Meanwhile, we're going to try and get the vote for 18-year-olds. By 1970 I'll have the numbers."

"There's no question that the turned-on people are the silent majority."

The man is serious.

Stones Set Pear A-Rolling

LONDON—The Rolling Stones, always either a little ahead or a little behind the Beatles, may start their own record label production company next year.

It would be called Pear.

The new venture would begin in February, when the Stones' current recording contract with Decca/London terminates. Following the pattern of the Beatles and Apple, it is believed that the Stones would record on their own label as well as look for fresh talent for the label.

There is even some talk, according to a London Records exec in San Francisco, of the Pear company "going within the framework of Apple"—but that's all it is at this point: some talk.

Of course, the Beatles and Stones have always had a close personal relationship, with members of one group appearing on the other's records, and with the Stones hiding Beatle heads on their *Satanic Majesties* LP cover photo.

The Beatles and Stones now also share links with Allan Klein, business manager for the Stones and recently acquired business adviser to the Beatles.

So far, the Stones' office has issued no official statement on the widespread speculation over Pear.

Airplane Busted Twice in South

NEW ORLEANS, LA. — The Jefferson Airplane got its first taste of Southern Hospitality last week. That is, bassist Jack Casady and manager Bill Thompson were busted for cannabis in New Orleans, and Paul Kantner got a "disturbing the peace" rap after a Miami concert.

The group, currently back in San Francisco recording its sixth LP, took off on a one-week round of three concerts, in Aurora, Illinois (a college town just outside Chicago), New Orleans and Miami.

Their first stop, Illinois, was a triumph. The Airplane topped off their Aurora gig with a massive free concert in Grant Park, performing before a huge, dancing crowd of more than 50,000.

They were planning a free show in New Orleans, too, but the bust brought everything down. Casady and Thompson, along with the Airplane's equipment manager and road manager, were among six persons in a hotel room when cops showed up. They allegedly found two cigarettes in the room.

Thompson is withholding comments pending legal advice, but told ROLLING STONE: "Louisiana is a very uptight state. If you sell grass to someone under 18, it's punishable by death." Wheh!

Last stop, Miami—recent playground for both Jim Morrison and a decency rally—featured an outdoor concert at which the Airplane started late. They were supposed to wind up at 11 PM.

But shortly before 11, someone cut the Airplane off in mid-riff by shutting off the power (it turned out to be a cop). Thompson asked for one more minute so the song in progress could be finished. Okay. Then, thirty seconds later, another restless cop threw the

switch. A 45-minute session of general uproar then ensued, with the 10,000 paid customers doing most of the yelling. It was during this brouhaha that Kantner was said to have sneered at a cop: "Wait 'til we burn down your society!" He was immediately slapped with the "disturbing the peace" charge and hauled off.

Despite the busts, Thompson says, "The South is such a bizarre thing, we may just go back. And I think that more groups should go down there and see what's happening. It's incredible."

Cl'pt'n-W'w'd-B'k'r Have Blind Faith

LONDON — Clapton-Winwood-Baker, the slow-to-form "supergroup," now has a name, a fourth member, a record label, a first album, and a slate of rich concert appearances set.

The name is Blind Faith which, one member explained, "acknowledges the inspiration we find in each other's work."

The fourth member, joining Stevie Winwood, Eric Clapton, and Ginger Baker, is Rick Grech, 23-year-old bassist and electric violinist formerly with the English group Family.

And the label is Atlantic, which also holds the contracts to the Steve Stills-David Crosby-Graham Nash combine. Until recently, Winwood's contract with Island Records had been a roadblock to the new group's recording plans.

Bue now everything's clear. Having joined the trio for a number of sessions at Winwood's Berkshire Downs cottage, Grech will be included in a number of tracks on Blind Faith's first album, due out June 22nd.

The mixture of Cream, Traffic, and Family (Billboard has appropriately called Blind Faith a "spinoff group") is already set for a 24-concert tour around the U.S., beginning with a Blind Faith Festival in Newport, R.I. July 11th. The show falls, conveniently enough, between the jazz and folk festivals in Newport.

From there, if plans remain intact, the group takes off on eight weeks of big concerts, including an August 2nd date at Madison Square Garden, an August 10th show at the Oakland Coliseum, and an August 15th concert in Los Angeles' new Forum.

Joint managers of Blind Faith are Robert Sigwood (John Mayall, Bee Gees, Hair) and Chris Blackwell (Jethro Tull, Traffic, Joe Cocker, Spooky Tooth). They have said that guarantees for the U.S. dates will bring in \$750,000, with expected sellouts pushing the final figure to over a million dollars.

An appropriate name, Blind Faith is.

To Commemorate The
New Grateful Dead Album,
We Present Our
Pigpen
Look Alike
Contest
(Part Two)

To be downright brutal about it, Part One of our Pigpen Look-Alike Contest that we laid on you a few weeks back is a bust. Not that there haven't been entries. There've been plenty. But so far no one has, via black-and-white or color photograph, captured the panache, the bravado, the insouciance—the true and utter raunch of



MR. PEN

Just to have a moustache doesn't make it.
Just to have long hair doesn't make it.
Blondes don't make it.

Photos with no name and address don't make it.

And the pigmy from Venice (Calif.) who wrote that "contests suck" doesn't make it.

Now, because (1) in our heart of hearts we know there is a Pigpen Look-Alike in this world of ours, (2) The Grateful Dead have a new al-

bum, called *Aoxomoxoa*, and deserve an ad, and (3) we need all the diversion we can get here in Burbank, the Box Top and Party Games Dept. has voted to extend the deadline of the Pigpen Look-Alike Contest and make it

EASIER TO ENTER

No longer do you have to send us a reasonable facsimile of any of the Dead's album covers (a stipulation the first time round and a not-too-clever ruse to get you into the record stores). Now all you have to do fill out the form below and send it in with a photograph of your favorite Pigpen Look-Alike. The guy or gal who most resembles and captures the spirit of Mr. Pen is our lucky winner.

Live entries will not be accepted.

All photos become the property of Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records and cannot be returned.

The decision of the judges is final.

And we reserve the right to make up more rules as we go along.

The Judges. Eagerly awaiting your deluge of entries is a frolicsome panel of Warners secretaries who have, on at least one occasion, brushed shoulders with the real Mr. Pen and are convinced there cannot be a double. Prove them wrong.

The Prizes. As before, First Prize is \$200 worth of our grooviest albums (Jimi Hendrix, Jethro Tull, The Mothers, Joni Mitchell, etc.). Second Prize is \$100 worth. Third through Tenth Prizes: \$50. No winners will receive a copy of *Aoxomoxoa*. That we want you to buy.

THE FORM

Box Top and Party Games Dept.
Room 208
Warner Bros.-Seven Arts Records
Burbank, California 91503

A

Dear Jean, Gigi, Shannon, Thelma, Ruth, Cinnamon, etc.:

Here is my Pigpen Look-Alike. The subject is ☐ male ☐ female. On my honor this is an honest-to-gosh unretouched photograph.

The Pigpen Look-Alike's name is _____

If this entry wins, send all those albums directly to:

Do hurry. Our judges have given up coffee breaks to work on this—and those albums are ready and waiting to be shipped out.

One final note: Fun is Fun, but . . . we can't keep cracking out these *divertissements* without some sales. So we nervously suggest you take on *Aoxomoxoa*. For our mutual benefit.



AOXOMOXOA — WS 1790

Joe South: 'C&W Music Is Shit'

BY JERRY HOPKINS

LOS ANGELES—"Country music is shit."

"It just isn't honest any more. A cat gets out there on stage with a fancy suit on, something made by Nudie with feathers and sequins all over it, and he's wearin' a cowboy hat and he's from Savannah, Georgia, man. It's phoney. How can you sell Porter Wagoner to the kids? Nobody wants to be like Porter Wagoner."

This is Joe South talking, a young man who first went to Nashville 10 years ago (when he was 17) and for nearly a decade played the role of studio musician, playing guitar for Eddie Arnold, Bob Dylan, Simon & Garfunkel, Mary Robbins, Roy Orbison, Aretha Franklin, Solomon Burke, Wilson Pickett and Conway Twitty, among others. He also wrote and produced a number of hits for still other artists and today has his own first hit, "Games People Play."

It was while in Los Angeles for a concert that he talked about the impending death of country music.

"The country singers will continue to sell records," he said, "but they'll get the snuff-dippers, that's all. The country influence—the three-chord stuff—that'll be around for a long time, but that's it. People aren't even playin' it any more. Not the young people. Not really. The young guys, they sit around a studio in Nashville playin' jazz licks. They're playin' country only when they have to—to make a livin'."

"You know how many records it takes to be Number One on the country charts? A total smash, and that means it's on the charts maybe eight straight weeks, sells only 30,000 to 40,000 copies. The fans are loyal; they stick together. But they're gettin' old, right along with the musicians. Flatt & Scruggs... that age group... they're the last of the real country pickers. Nobody else really gives a damn."

"Nobody lives on the farms any more. The A&P and Kroger own all the farms."

South admits he has played his share of country notes, but also says he isn't doing it now. The role of studio musician is behind him.

"I thank God for my gift of song-writin'," he says. "Y-see, I'm a lazy shit. I take maybe an hour to two to write a song and if it hits, it makes up for six months of session pickin'. Besides, I don't like to have to be someplace on time. I don't like to be where I can't duck out."

Ten years ago it was a different story—when South joined the musicians' union (in his hometown, Atlanta) and started "making trips to Nashville." For the next several years he was a session man—on time nearly always—playing in Nashville, in Memphis and Muscle Shoals, occasionally in one of Atlanta's studios. In time, he had played for Simon & Garfunkel (on all but the title tune of the *Sounds of Silence* LP), Bob Dylan (*Blonde on Blonde*) and on most of Aretha Franklin's discs, writing and producing "Down in the Boondocks" and "Hush" for Billy Joe Royal and "Be Young, Be Foolish, Be Happy" for the Tams.

"Playin' sessions is the most frustratin' thing there is for a man that's got ideas," he said. "The A&R guy says, 'Give me a What'd-I-Say? lick,' or somethin' like that, and you give him what he wants. Shoot."

"Actually, I did learn a lot from the sessions. I could try out stuff, and if they weren't careful, I'd sneak somethin' in on them. But mostly what I learned was I wanted to be an independent producer. I was livin' in Nashville then and I moved back to Atlanta. I stayed in hiding six months and started producing Billy Joe and the Tams."

"Then I found I had to bend too much to the whims of the artists. I had to sacrifice my own feelings about the record. It didn't make sense to me. It drove my ass crazy—people callin' in the middle of the night, sayin' they wanted to be a star and could they sing me a song they just wrote. It was too much hassle. I decided to quit."

During this time, South also recorded "about 10 sides" for Columbia, releasing a handful of singles that disappeared immediately. Then in 1967 he signed with Capitol and over a period



Joe South

of 18 months released a second fistful of songs, some of which became regional hits.

About six months ago, he cut "Games People Play" (producing himself), which, he said, went nowhere at first. He even returned to the studio as a session guitarist—as a favor to the president of Monument Records, a friend—for a Boots Randolph cover of "Games." (He and Ray Stevens sang harmony.)

A week or so after that, his own version started showing signs of breaking—"here, there and yonder." At last count, it had sold more than 500,000 copies.

South is back in Atlanta now, a city he says is rapidly developing as another important recording center. He points to two Top 10 records—"Dizzy" by Tommy Roe and "Traces" by the Classics IV—and says they were cut in the Georgia capitol, and says there are four or five good studios in town. One of these is his own—an 8-track—and another is owned by his manager. South also says Atlanta has a cadre of excellent musicians, members of the Atlanta Symphony among those with recording experience.

"And," he says, "the union is looser than here. Here, man it costs too much to make a record. In Atlanta, you can play all day and night if you like. Recording's fun, or it ought to be. It's fun recording in Atlanta. I don't like L.A. Shoot."

Freaks Fight Back: \$80,000 Suit

LOS ANGELES—Six of those arrested at a free rock concert have filed a suit charging Los Angeles police and several city officials with civil rights violations, asking \$80,000 in damages.

The suit was filed in federal court and named the city council, the police commission, former police Chief Tom Reddin, commander of the Venice division Capt. Robert Stillings, and several of the boys in blue.

The suit charged police violated civil rights of individuals when they reacted to an unrelated bottle-throwing incident by cancelling the concert and clearing thousands of innocent persons from the Venice beach, injuring dozens while doing so.

It asked that police be enjoined from acting this way in the future, that corrective measures be taken against the cops, and that officers be compelled to take an "intensive program of human relations and sensitivity training."

Action was brought by Marguerite Buckley, an attorney who serves as di-

rector of the Los Angeles Neighborhood Legal Services Society, Inc., a poverty program organization.

The six filing the suit were among more than 100 arrested during an outdoor concert sponsored by the Los Angeles Free Press near the old Cheetah April 20th.

Jim Morrison Tells All

NEW YORK—Jim Morrison, looking like Che Guevara with heavy beard and long cigar, was in town with the Doors last week taping a *Critique* show for the National Educational Television network.

The gig (an Elektra Records brainchild) consisted of a ten-minute interview with rock writer Richard Goldstein and 35 minutes of music. A 15-minute discussion of their music with a panel of critics is to be added later.

Morrison was casually dressed and almost unrecognizable behind the sunglasses he wore, and his mood was relaxed and assured. He would not, however, discuss any details of his adventures in Miami, for which he will soon stand trial on public exposure charges.

"Right now, we're still fighting extradition," he explained. "I just can't talk about it at all. Three or four years of my life are at stake, you know."

Morrison said the Doors had long wanted to do an educational TV performance, because the NET has little of commercial TV's fear of controversy. "Here the group has complete freedom to play whatever they want," he stressed. "There are no guest stars, no patter and no dancing girls—just serious talk and serious music presented in an appropriate, professional and respectful manner."

Everybody was a bit nervous when the actual taping began. A very spectacular lady lawyer picked a piece of lint off Morrison's beard. A coal had to be found for Goldstein, whose British-flag-bedecked white tee shirt was casting too much of a glare for the color cameras.

Then, off and reeling, "Welcome to educational television," said Goldstein, obviously jittery. "You once told a reporter that you would like to be known as an 'erotic politician.' Has that desire changed any?"

Just a catch phrase for journalists, Morrison replied. That's all.

Q: How does it feel to be the Jesse James of rock?

Morrison: William Bonney would be more accurate. Jesse James was motivated by greed, while Billy the Kid did

it for the fun of it. All Americans are outlaws.

Q: How does it feel to be the father of the Decency Movement?

Morrison: Feels good to be the father of anything, I guess.

Ray Manzarek, Doors organist, pointed out that the Doors seem to serve as a focal point, for many adults, of the country's unrest. "It's very easy," he said, "for them to stop just four of us." Robby Krieger, the lead guitarist, agreed: "It's a shame for the old to get back at the young."

Both Manzarek and Morrison stated repeatedly that the group did not feel qualified to discuss politics, but Goldstein continued to ask questions along that line. Finally, Morrison said, "Well, you were at Chicago. You tell me what it was like."

"It was like a Rolling Stones concert," Goldstein reported.

Perhaps the most revealing moment came when Morrison attempted to read from *The New Creatures*, a small, privately printed book of his poetry which he gives only to friends.

After faltering on the first few lines, he smiled warmly and gave up.

"I just can't read this stuff too well," he admitted with some embarrassment. "Music gives me the kind of security I need, I guess. I certainly admire poets who can just stand up and read their poems. I wish that I could."

The show will be seen in New York in late May or early June. A new Doors album will be released in July. Neat, eh?

Doors Will Do It In A Bull Ring

LOS ANGELES—The Doors are working again, or soon will be. Announcement of five concert dates follows a three-month layoff which, in turn, followed the alarmed reaction to the Doors' now-legendary performance in Miami.

The Miami "obscenity" brouhaha hasn't been resolved yet—not in court, anyway—but in the interim the Doors say they will be hitting the road again.

The first concert was set for May 31st at the Plaza Monumental, the largest bull ring in Mexico City. This was to be the first rock concert ever staged in the 48,000-seat amphitheater and ticket prices—scaled down to accommodate everyone—started at 40 cents and topped out at an even dollar (that's twelve and a half pesos).

Three additional concerts have been set for June—the 13th in St. Louis, the 14th in Chicago and the 15th in Minneapolis. While a fourth June date, as yet unspecified, will be announced for the Doors' home town, Los Angeles.

The Los Angeles concert will be part of Elektra Record's Monday night concert series at the Aquarius Theater. The Aquarius is the West Coast showcase for *Hair* and normally is closed on Mondays.

This local date also replaces a proposed four-day series of performances earlier announced for the Whisky a Go Go. The group's fifth album was to have been recorded live at the Whisky and now it may be recorded at the Aquarius.

McGuinn & Dylan Riding Easy

LOS ANGELES—Roger McGuinn of the Byrds is at work on a Broadway musical, co-writing the score with Bob Johnston, Columbia Records producer. The musical is called *Tryp*, named for the lead character, Gene Tryp, whose name is made from the same letters in "Peer Gynt," the musical's inspiration.

The play will be produced by Ivor David Balding and directed by Jacques Levy (who directed *America Hurrah*). Opening is tentatively set for fall.

Coincidentally, McGuinn began actual collaboration the same week it was leaked that Dylan had been his song-writing partner in "Ballad of Easy Rider," title song for Peter Fonda's new film, *Easy Rider*.

The film tells the story of two dope-pushing motorcyclists in a cross-country run and was first shown publicly (to a standing ovation) at the Cannes Film Festival in May. Fonda co-stars in the picture with Dennis Hopper, who also served as the film's director.

McGuinn wrote the music to "Ballad of Easy Rider"—Dylan, the words. Dylan's participation originally was to have been kept a secret.



LOTTI

THIS IS HER STORY
AND EVERY WORD IS TRUE...

Every word. For these are Lotti Golden's own songs, songs about the life she led in New York's East Village, that hip, stark, cold, exciting, tawdry, seamy mixture of cultures in the big city. Lotti lived there, loved there, learned there in one cold-hot winter. She had her kicks, her downs; she met gods and freaks.

And then one day Lotti split. And she wrote about what she had seen and experienced. But she didn't write a book—she wrote her story in music. She wrote songs about that East Village winter, and recorded them, singing them herself. Singing them with an intensity and passion that burns like pure flame. Lotti's story will touch the heart of anyone who has ever been touched by life itself. And that means everyone.



DC Snipes at Free Press

BY DEREK SHEARER

WASHINGTON, D.C.—At least a few biceps in this city of political muscles are beginning to flex themselves in the direction of the underground press.

The Washington Free Press, a flower-power paper turned political, is beginning to pay the price for brashness. And so far it's been a stiff tab: false arrests, a search-and-seizure bust in the newspaper office, an obscenity arrest, and other, worse hassles.

In Montgomery County, where the Free Press is popular among the high school children of the suburb area's nouveau-riche, the school board has instructed all high school principals to confiscate copies of the paper. In some schools, students have been suspended for possession (of the paper). One Free Press staffer was arrested in February for selling the paper within 500 feet of Northwood High School.

In March, Judge James Pugh, grandson of the late Senator Pugh of Alabama, charged a Montgomery County Grand Jury to investigate the Free Press to ascertain whether the paper had attempted or conspired to attempt to overthrow the Maryland government by revolution (a violation of a state anti-subversive law).

The Free Press responded to this political attack with a muckraking article entitled "A Pornobiography" in their March 15-31 issue. The piece sighted Judge Pugh's record of apparent racial bias—he has handed down strict sentences to black criminals and dealt harshly with civil rights demonstrators—and noted that he once sentenced a book dealer to jail for selling Henry Miller's *The Tropic of Cancer*. According to the article, the judge was also involved in a conflict of interest due to his position on the board of a Maryland bank while he served on the bench.

Set prominently in the middle of the page containing the expose was a drawing of a judge masturbating. The words "He' Comm D'Judge" appeared above the caricature.

Brent Dillingham, a 26-year-old member of Compeer Inc.—a volunteer social action group in Maryland—offered copies of the issue for sale across the street from the Bethesda police station. He was arrested on charges of selling obscene literature. Bail was set at \$5,000 and the initial sentence at six months in jail. The case is being appealed.

Not to be intimidated, in its next issue the Free Press ran the same drawing of the judge, this time on the cover, only in dots with numbers which could be connected to provide the complete figure.

But the beat's gone on. The May 1-15 issue contained copies of documents which were liberated from the Sino-Soviet Institute at George Washington University when SDS took over the building. The material—similar to the letters unearthed at Harvard and printed in the paper *The Old Mole*—showed the university's ties with the CIA and the Department of Defense.

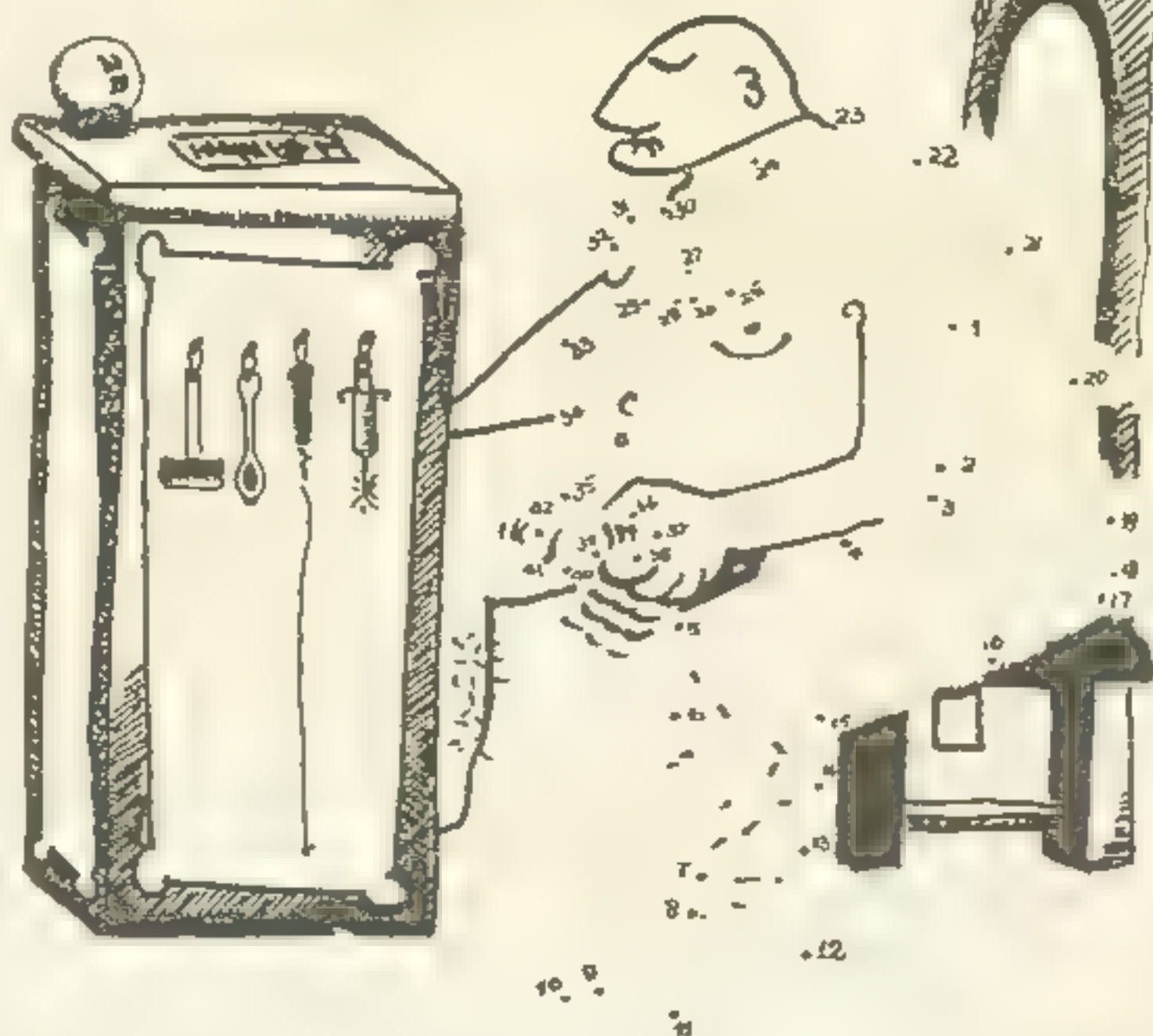
After the issue appeared, D. C. police and members of the District Attorney's office, as well as the narcotics squad, obtained a search warrant and broke into the Free Press office when no one was there in search of the documents. One staff member, who arrived soon after the police had entered the office, said that they removed the paper's telephone list when they could not find what they were looking for.

On May 12th, the police arrested two youths for selling the Free Press without a vendor's license in downtown Washington, but a court dismissed the case since there is no law which states that a license is necessary to sell newspapers in the District. Chief Judge Harold H. Greene, who tossed out the charge, said:

"I doubt that police would have bothered anybody selling the *Evening Star*, *Washington Post* or *New York Times*."

After the obscenity arrest, no printer in the area would handle the Free Press's business, so the paper is now printed 300 miles away in a northern state. And, lately, tax men have taken to visiting the office to check the paper's financial records.

HE' COMM D' JUDGE



Bikers Stomp at Canadian Festival

ALDERGROVE, B.C.—Several hundred outlaw motorcyclists nearly made a bummer of Canada's biggest rock festival before promoters allowed Royal Canadian Mounted Police to enter the grounds and force the bikers out.

A record crowd of 27,000 persons were digging the 80-degree weather the weekend of May 17-19 at the Aldergrove Beach Rock Festival when the cyclists began to create incidents.

Bikers released guy wires holding up a light show screen mounted on steel scaffolding. Gusts of wind sent the screen and scaffold crashing onto Guitar Shorty and the Mark V as they played before 10,000 people. Shorty and his band escaped serious injury, but the drummer's \$1,000 drum set was a total loss.

Muf, of Seattle, had just started their performance Saturday night when two cycle clubbers tried to take over the stage and had to be subdued by members of the audience.

Six motorcyclists were accused of gang-raping a 14-year-old chick.

Other bikers injured a sleeping girl by jumping on her sleeping bag.

By the festival's second night, promoters decided to let the Mounties enter the premises and force out the bikers. Although many of the bikers carried guns and made threats, most left peacefully when confronted by the Mounties and police dogs.

With the bike riders gone, the festival settled back into a relaxed atmosphere and came off so well it was announced as an annual event.

Neil J. Godin Associates, of Vancouver, and three CKLG announcers staged the event, grossing about \$100,000 for the three days.

With the exception of the New Vaudeville Band, groups were from Canada and Washington State, with Spring, Guitar Shorty, Trials of Jason Hoover and Muf holding feature spots.

Lenny's Second Brucemas Coming

LOS ANGELES—A rock and roll celebration for the late Lenny Bruce—called "Brucemas"—will be staged in at least five cities this summer.

The first Brucemas was held last year by The Los Angeles Free Press and the pop music critic for that "underground" weekly, John Carpenter, said he had received word from Seattle-Vancouver,

Boston, New York and Chicago that similar celebrations would be held in those cities in conjunction with the Free Press concert set for August 24th on the Venice beach.

(Although the event is supposed to be a "birthday party," Brucemas was held on a different date last year, on August 18th, and Bruce actually was born on still another date, October 13th. No matter. The Free Press insists, rightly, that "every day is Lenny's birthday.")

Brucemas in Seattle-Vancouver will be what Carpenter terms "a hands-across-the-border thing" co-sponsored by the "underground" weeklies in those cities, Seattle *Helix* and the Canadian city's *Georgia Straight*; in Chicago the *Seed*; in Boston *The Avatar*; in New York *Jerry Rubin* or *The Rat*. Carpenter said San Francisco and London would be added to the list once sponsorship was decided, with still other cities presently being contacted.

The Los Angeles concert will be held on the Venice beach near the old Cheeta (soon to be the Kinetic Playground) and groups confirmed include the Mothers of Invention, Jethro Tull and Canned Heat. It's one of six monthly free concerts scheduled by the newspaper.

Gospel Rock's Unhappy Days

BY BEN FONG-TORRES

SAN FRANCISCO—The gospel/pop/rock field has turned into an unholy mess.

With the unprecedented commercial success of "Oh Happy Day" by the Edwin Hawkins Singers, the house of the Lord has turned into a battlefield littered with threatened lawsuits, a double-identity dilemma, and, of course, all kinds of gospel choirs and gospel songs being put out by all kinds of record companies.

Since its random discovery in a record warehouse in Oakland in March, "Oh Happy Day" has sold a million copies, and the Hawkins Singers' LP *Let Us Go Into the House of the Lord* is a national Top 20 item. So . . .

"Oh Happy Day" has come out in cover versions by, among others, the American Rock Revival, the Pat Rebillot Exchange, the Trumpets of Jericho, and—and this is what started the first round of fighting—The Southern California Interdenominational Youth Choir, on a new Dunhill subsidiary label called Buluu.

Hawkins' singers previously made up the Northern California State Youth Choir; their records are being distributed by Buddah, and the company im-

mediately sued Dunhill, charging "unfair competition" and asking the New York State Supreme Court for an injunction against Buluu sales. The case was thrown out, the Buddah is continuing other court proceedings.

Back in the Bay Area, another minor war is being waged by the co-leaders of the original Northern California State Youth Choir.

Betty Watson, a trim, 24-year-old choir director/gospel singer, claims that she organized the original Northern California State Youth Choir in Berkeley in 1967, with assist from Hawkins as talent scout, pianist, and arranger. He then moved out from behind his piano, she said, to become co-director and, with "Oh Happy Day's" zoom up the pew-rock charts, elbowed into the forefront, changing the name of the choir to the Edwin Hawkins Singers. Hawkins says he changed the name because the choir, as a commercial entity, should be separated from the name of its church.

At any rate, Miss Watson is doing a little elbowing of her own. She has organized another choir, with 40 voices and rhythm section—about a dozen of which she says were in the original Northern California State Youth Choir; landed a booking with the Fillmore West last week; and featured her friend, Dorothy Morrison, as guest star and soloist on "Oh Happy Day."

(Miss Morrison left Hawkins to sign with Elektra and will be cutting her first LP next month, with backing possibly done by her own five Combs Sisters, an established gospel unit in the Bay Area).

While Miss Watson says she seeks only "justice," through exposure (and maybe a hit record or two), Hawkins still has the hit, the big concert dates (including Madison Square Garden June 22), the publicity, and an emerging new soloist to replace the glamorous Dorothy Morrison. She's a tiny but powerful and pretty girl named Trumaine Davis.

How all this will end must, if the principals are really sincere, be left in the hands of the Lord.

LA Holds C&W Unpop Festival

ACTON, Calif.—There is a strange yet comforting camaraderie that develops amongst neighbors during a disaster, and it was such a fellowship that developed at the Country Pop Festival held here the first weekend in May.

Nearly 50 acts—from Buck Owens to Gordon Lightfoot to Jeannie C. Riley to the Cowsills, 38 continuous hours—were promised, but only a handful showed up and no one was paid. Even the deposit checks reportedly bounced.

The festival was to have been held on a tree-shaded dude ranch in Soledad Canyon, but was moved (when it was discovered they were outside Los Angeles County and had a county permit) into a barren piece of desert land ankle-deep in dust. And on the second day it rained.

After driving more than 60 miles from Los Angeles and leaving the well-charted freeways, the final nine miles to the location was marked by signs handprinted with a felt tip pen on short cardboard, causing many to get lost.

Tickets were outrageously priced at \$5.50 by mail, \$7.50 at the gate.

At its peak, the "crowd" numbered under 200, including musicians, engineers, groupies and fence lizards.

And . . . six California Highway Patrol and county sheriff cars cruised the mile and a half stretch from the freeway to the festival location—stopping nearly all cars with long-hairs at the wheel, searching first the vehicles and then the individuals. While police and forest rangers were overhead in helicopters and in the brush on horseback. It caused one festival celebrant to remark, "Look, everybody here has his own cop."

As a pop festival, it qualified for federal aid as a disaster area.

Still, those few who had driven the distance seemed to enjoy themselves. There was that bond, that camaraderie experienced by fraternity pledges during Hell Week, army draftees in boot camp, victims of forest fires, blackouts and floods.

The occasion was presented by Magna Artists, a Hollywood promotion and packaging outfit, fronting for Jeanette Wilshire of San Francisco.

The summer of the pop festival is upon us.

All around the country they're happening—some to celebrate a full moon, some the summer solstice; another for the Fourth of July weekend; most of them just to gather vibes, and some—invariably—to make bread.

This wrap-up of festivals around the country (as complete as possible at press time) covers rock, blues, folk, jazz, and a number of mixed-bag affairs. It all means, simply, that a lot of people are digging a lot of music.

In San Francisco, it'll be a "Wild West Show" in late August in Golden Gate Park. Not a pop festival in the Monterey/Newport sense of the word, it will be a "celebration of the artistic and creative life of the City," and it is being put together by a team of men deeply involved in the San Francisco rock scene, including Bill Graham, Ralph J. Gleason, Tom Donahue, and Jann Wenner, along with band managers Bill Thompson, Ron Polte, and Rock Scully. Director of the festival is Barry Olivier, veteran producer of the past eleven Berkeley Folk Festivals.

Everything is still in the discussion stage now, but initial plans are for a gathering of San Francisco musicians (rock and otherwise); artists, craftsmen, and just plain folk, with events taking place all over Golden Gate Park. The park is a beautiful, four-mile long stretch of greenery, lakes, stadiums, and fields. It was where the Human Be-in happened in 1967; and it is where the free Sunday concerts have been taking place this spring.

So far, the Council has received cooperative nods from both the Recreation Department and the Mayor's Office (Mayor Joe Alioto, in fact, had contacted Bill Graham last spring, after the killing of a second Monterey Pop Festival, to ask about a gigantic San Francisco pop fest).

If the plans jell, the summer festival would include several free rock concerts, a number of informal workshops, film showings, craft displays, wandering minstrels and poets, and spontaneous events throughout the park, along with two or three formal, paid concerts.

"Rock bands," Olivier said, "will be the core of the whole thing, since they've been the core of most everything here. But we're planning as much representation as possible, with all kinds of music."

All the San Francisco bands, along with bands that have settled in the immediate area, are being mentioned in organizational meetings. They'd logically include the Grateful Dead, Airplane, Charlatans, Steve Miller, Youngbloods, Moby Grape, and best of the dozens of other bands settled around the area, along with, perhaps, remnants of such departed groups as Big Brother, Great Society, Quicksilver, and Country Joe and the Fish.

Down in the Southland, aggregated music is less than a month away, with the Newport Festival at Devonshire Downs (in the north San Fernando Valley) set for June 20th, 21st, and 22nd. Accommodation facilities, including trees especially planted for the festival (for shades and dogs, presumably), are being installed so that goers may stay overnight on the Downs, an old site of county fairs.

The lineups are nothing short of incredible.

On June 20th, they have Jimi Hendrix Experience, Joe Cocker, Albert King, the Edwin Hawkins Singers, Ike and Tina Turner, Spirit, and Taj Mahal.

Saturday, June 21st, the lineup reads: Creedence Clearwater Revival, Steppenwolf, Buffy St. Marie, Albert Collins, Love, Eric Burdon, Jethro Tull, Sweetwater, Lee Michaels.

And the wrap-up, Sunday, includes Johnny Winter, Booker T and the MG's, the Rascals, the Chambers Brothers, the Byrds, Three Dog Night, Mother Earth, Poco, and the current king of Motown, Marvin Gaye.

(The Newport Festival at Devonshire Downs shouldn't be confused with the established Newport folk and jazz festivals in Rhode Island. D. D. is relatively close to Newport Beach, Calif.; hence the prestigious name...)

Another promising festival is the one slated for July 3-4-5 in Atlanta. There Johnny Winter, Janis Joplin, Chuck Berry, Creedence Clearwater Revival, and Blood Sweat and Tears share top billing (if that's physically possible).

Other names: Booker T, Sweetwater, and Pacific Gas and Electric. Also, the name of Johnny Cash is popping up frequently around the Atlanta area.

In Colorado, a full two weeks in late July is being reserved by a Boulder-based organization called the Wonderland Civic Association for a gathering of musicians, artists, and craftsmen for a "renaissance of art and happiness, a reaffirmation of basic values, all tied together by music, the universal language."

The W.C.A. is working with heads, civic authorities, the University of Colorado, and even the Junior Chamber of Commerce on plans for the event, to be called the Aspen Summer. It would take place atop Smuggler Mountain on 20 acres of land and include bazaars, a rodeo and a circus in addition to music and crafts.

pelia, Ten Years After, James Brown, Jeff Beck, Jethro Tull, O. C. Smith, and the Mothers. Johnny Winter, B. B. King, John Mayall, represent blues, and Blood, Sweat, and Tears will symbolize the fusion of rock and jazz. Heading the jazz lineup are Kenny Burrell, Bill Evans, Jimmy Smith, Roland Kirk, Dave Brubeck, Gerry Mulligan, and many, many more.

Two weeks later, it all happens again, with acoustic guitars replacing horns, for the Newport Folk Festival running from Wednesday July 16th through Sunday July 20th. Besides four major evening concerts, there will be a pair of evening programs at nearby Rogers High School, a Sunday afternoon concert, workshops, and children's events.

Set for concert appearances there are Buffy Sainte-Marie, Johnny Cash with June Carter, Joni Mitchell, the Incredible

In Ann Arbor, a student-run committee is planning a blues fest to be staged from August 1st through the 3rd, with the emphasis on "a true audience-artist interaction, avoiding a teenybopper, cultist 'happening'." Hmm.

The festival features four outdoor concerts in an Ann Arbor field, and planners hope for 25 "big acts." Those already contracted include Muddy Waters, B. B. King, Junior Wells, Howlin' Wolf, Big Mama Willie Mae Thornton, Charley Musselwhite, Son House, John Lee Hooker, Sleepy John Estes, Arthur Crudup, and Clifton Chenier. The concerts will be buffeted by workshops and blues seminars.

And while we're in the blues vein... The Fourth Annual Memphis Country Blues Festival and First Annual W. C. Handy Memorial Concert takes place from June 5th through June 8th. The fest kicks off on the evening of the 5th with films about the blues shown in the Overton Park Shell. Then a round of five concerts will carry blues fans through Sunday evening. Performers include Albert King, Carla and Rufus Thomas, John Fahey, Albert Collins, Slim Harpo, Taj Mahal, the Bar-Kays, Johnny Winter, Furry Lewis, Canned Heat, Bukka White, Rev. Robert Wilkins, Backwards Sam Firk and others, not including promised "surprises."

On July 11th and 12th, two pop festivals in two states will feature the same lineup. Each festival—one in Laurel, Maryland; one in Philadelphia—will present a five-band bill Friday and Saturday nights. They are: the Mothers, Sly and the Family Stone, Ten Years After, Jeff Beck, and Savoy Brown, playing Friday in Philadelphia and Saturday in Maryland. The other team, featuring Led Zeppelin, Buddy Guy, Jethro Tull, Country Joe and the Fish, and another act, does the reverse: Friday at Laurel, Saturday in Philly. And, voila—two festivals. It all sounds so simple.

A mini-festival with a mega-complicated cause is being staged May 30th and 31st on Oak Island, a private oasis near Stockton, California, four miles northwest of Tracy. Seven bands (including Country Weather, People, and Womb) along with swings, trees, cheap food, and light shows will be there, all on behalf of Project Costa Rica, a bearded biology prof's crusade to allow his students credit for doing study in Costa Rica. It's one of them student/administration hassles.

In Canada, a "Man and His World" rock festival will feature single act concerts on August 22nd with Vanilla Fudge and the next night with Al Kooper and wrapping up on the 24th with Canned Heat and Savoy Brown.

If your idea of a groovy festival is to dig some good old shuttling cowboy music, the First Annual California Country Music Festival should do you fine. It's at the Cow Palace in San Francisco on May 30th, May 31st, and June 1st, and it stars the Dillards, Tammy Wynette, Jimmy Wakely, Jerry Wallace, Cal Smith, Bonnie Guitar, Merle Travis, Webb Pierce, Slim Whitman, Ferlin Husky, Tex Ritter (!), and at least a dozen other acts. Y'all come.

Now, then, to the hassles: The Soul Bowl, slated for June 13th through the 15th at Houston's Astrodome, has been cancelled and may be moved to Dallas. Organized by Rev. C. L. Franklin (father of Aretha) and endorsed by SCLC and Ted Kennedy, among others, it was to feature Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, and a heavy load of fine Black artists. But just last week, the Astrodome's officials announced that Rev. Franklin hadn't provided them with any performers' contracts or bonds; that neither Charles nor Aretha were likely to appear because of other, previously-signed bookings, and, incidentally, that they didn't want busloads of blacks and long-hairs invading the Astrodome, regarded in Houston as a veritable temple of worship—a sportsman's Vauclan City you might say.

So the organizers—who see the Soul Bowl as the first step to financing a number of black businesses and projects—are looking at Dallas—possibly the Memorial Auditorium there—for a smaller, bowl-less Bowl.

And that's the festival roundup for 1969. If you can, catch them all.

FESTIVALS



Joni Mitchell at the 1968 Miami Pop Festival

So far, everything seems to be coming together beautifully. Benevolent foundations, record companies and geodesic dome-manufacturers are all sounding cooperative, according to organizers Kit Thomas and Ray Murphy.

But even before the Aspen Summer takes place, Colorado will be the setting for the Denver Pop Festival at the Mile High Stadium from June 27th to 29th. Bands signed include Jimi Hendrix Experience, Johnny Winter, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Crosby, Stills, and Nash, Big Mama Willie Mae Thornton, Iron Butterfly, Taj Mahal, Joe Cocker, Aum, Tim Buckley, and Three Dog Night.

On the east coast, focal point for folk and jazz remains in Newport, R. I., where this year's festivals will be joined by a "Blind Faith Festival" featuring one group: Blind Faith. But, then, Blind Faith, features Stevie Winwood, Eric Clapton, and Ginger Baker—so it's a festival. It takes place July 11th.

The Newport Jazz Festival this year runs from July 3rd through July 6th, with four evening concerts, two afternoon shows, and a jam session. Rock bows into Newport Jazz for the first time with a very classy lineup includ-

ing Sly and the Family Stone, Led Zeppelin, the Everly Brothers with Ike Everly, Arlo Guthrie, bluesman "Champion" Jack Dupree, Jesse Fuller, Son House, Taj Mahal, the Muddy Waters Blues Band, Van Morrison, the Pentangle, Jerry Jeff Walker, Ramblin' Jack Elliot, John Hartford, Pete Seeger, Sonny Terry, the New Lost City Ramblers, and gospel musicians.

The festival is broken down into categories, like "The Blues," "The Bluegrass Story," "Young Talent Concert," "The Leadbelly Legacy," and a bunch of regular old folk hoots.

Both Newport festivals are being produced by Festival Productions, Inc. in New York City.

The state of Michigan will also be the site of two festivals, one a Rock and Roll Revival in Detroit; the other a Blues Festival in Ann Arbor.

First is the Rock Revival May 30th and 31st at the Michigan State Fairgrounds, from noon to midnight both days. A flock of Detroit bands will pad out the hours, with the bills topped by Chuck Berry, Johnny Winter, Son Ra, Detroit's own MC5, Dr. John and Night Tripper, and Terry Reid. Producer is Russ Gibb, proprietor of Detroit's Grande Ballroom.

HENRY DILTZ

Genie the Tailor Dies in Crash

LOS ANGELES — When Jeanne Franklin, better known as Genie the Tailor, died in a London auto crash in May, she left behind her two successful clothing shops and a brief but flashy career as one of the more prominent rock designers in the business.

She came to Los Angeles from her native New York in 1965 and was waiting tables at two Sunset Strip night clubs, the Trip and the Whisky a Go Go, when she decided to begin a little custom tailoring trade—aimed at the stars appearing where she served drinks. Her first customers were Zal Yanovsky and Steve Boone of the Lovin' Spoonful.

Since that time, Genie opened the shops—one near a folk club, the Troubadour, the other inside the Whisky—and added more than 50 impressive names to her list of customers including Paul



Genie the Tailor

Revere & the Raiders, the Turtles, Jefferson Airplane, Buffalo Springfield, Donovan, Them, the Mamas and Papas, the Mothers of Invention, Love, Johnny Rivers, Martha Reeves & the Vandellas, the Temptations, Phil Spector, Terry Melcher, Tommy Boyce & Bobby Hart, Jim Valley, Peter Tork, David Crosby, the Jimi Hendrix Experience, Eric Burdon & the Animals, Moby Grape, the Association, Dino Martin, the Rascals, Mike Nesmith, Carol Lynley, Keith Moon, Jack Bruce, Buddy Miles, Hugh Masekela, Big Brother and the Holding Company, Tuesday Weld, Tiny Tim, Jim & Jean, David Blue, Al Kooper, Spooky Tooth, Jackie DeShannon, Lou Adler, Sajid Khan and Jim Webb.

That so many, representing so many kinds of music and so many types of individual, came to Genie . . . and that she even kept such a list up to date, tells you about where Genie was at. She was proud of her clientele and often boasted about who had bought what and when. But no matter how aggressive she might have been, there would have been no list if Genie's clothing hadn't made it.

To many people, Genie seemed to be little more than a flighty chick who knew how to sew—to others, little more than a groupie. But Genie was an original designer and a good one.

She often talked about how her designs had changed the look of groups. She said she was the one who put Paul Revere and his Raiders into tights, and later into tassles. She also claimed to be the one who convinced the Temptations they should wear ruffles.

"They were hesitant about letting me measure them for clothes," she once said. "After all, here I was, a white girl just 22 years old and Otis (Williams) was saying, 'Hey there, you can't measure me there . . . and here were these guys, and they'd never seen a girl tailor before. But they were very good about it. They wanted to be sexy and I knew how to design sexy clothing for men.'"

Genie usually typed her customers. Members of the Lovin' Spoonful, for example, were "Levi people with Bloomington tee-shirts with the stripe, dress-down people." While others, such as Jimi Hendrix, Lou Adler and Jim Webb, were "dress-up people."

For the Mothers of Invention, Genie made red bellbottoms, for Donovan a green velvet Edwardian coat with big buttons. For Keith Moon of the Who she designed a red-white-and-blue striped jacket of metallic material, for Tiny Tim a cape. Many of these performers wore this clothing for publicity stunts and on stage, often acknowledging the designer.

Genie also was prominent at Los Angeles parties and wrote a monthly column for one of the fan magazines.

Among her survivors: Phil Ochs, a cousin.

Genie was in England on one of her periodic visits to keep abreast of what's happening—in music and in fashion. With her died Martin Lambie, drummer for the Fairport Convention. Four others were injured when the band's van left the highway near London and plunged over a 60-foot embankment.

T.I.M.E. Drummer Shot in Stomach

LOS ANGELES — The drummer for T.I.M.E. (Trust In Men Everywhere) was critically wounded May 4th when two unidentified gunmen jumped him as he was en route to a jam session at a Sunset Strip night club.

The musician, 22-year-old Richard Tapper, was shot three times in the stomach minutes before he was to begin performing at The Experience.

Tapper told police he was walking toward the club when the two men approached him and asked him for some drugs. Tapper said he didn't use drugs and it was then, he said, the two grabbed him and dragged him back to his car.

There, Tapper said, the men forced him to undress, beat him with a tire iron, shot him three times with a pistol, and left.

The musician was found in his car some time later by city police, who took him to Los Angeles County Hospital. By mid-week Tapper had been moved from the critical to the serious list, but doctors said he would have to remain hospitalized for at least another two weeks.

When word of the attack travelled through the pop music community, donations began pouring into the club—from individual musicians, from record companies, from talent agencies. Marsha! Brevitz, owner of The Experience, organized a benefit evening at his club at which \$2,800 was collected at the door.

The two gunmen have not been captured.

'And, Boy Were They Wrecked!'

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Rock and roll has been heard in the White House—a rarity—with both the Turtles and the Temptations performing for Tricia Nixon's Masque Ball (May 10th). It was, according to Turtle Mark Volman, a barrel of laughs.

First big yuk came the day before the ball, when the Turtles' equipment was searched on the White House steps by the Secret Service. The last box opened, Volman said, was one containing some of the drummer's equipment and from it there emanated a high-pitched whirring sound.

The Secret Service hustled the box to the center of the White House lawn and gingerly lifted the top. Inside was a small black box that was making the whirring sound. The Secret Service promptly destroyed it before it could destroy someone else. Inside the box, a metronome that had been turned on accidentally in packing.

Next day the Turtles were given a White House check covering cost of replacing the metronome.

As for the dance itself, Volman said it was just about as spiffy an affair as could be imagined. "Lot of Congressmen's sons were there," he said, "and boy, were they wrecked!"

Volman also met Southern California's (and his own) new Congressman, Barry Goldwater Jr. "I told him a lie," Volman confessed. "I told him I voted for him."

Goldwater's reaction. "You voted for me?"



BY AMBROSE HOLLINGSWORTH

The key to the human situation is said to be held by the Gemini. The Twins have the answer, according to many of the old schools. They also bring controversy and a double premise. The third Sign seems to affect people in particular more deeply and completely than any other House of the Zodiac. This is the Sign which specializes in people. In fact, people with nothing in Gemini will still manifest the characteristics of the Sign if they are born with a Third House Sun and a strong Mercury. Gemini is so involved with people that it can be the most superficial of the Signs just as man can be the most superficial of the life forms on earth.

This is true when considering the duality of the Sign as a horizontal duality showing as two earthly personalities. But the actual structure is a vertical duality with one personality relating to heaven and the other to earth.

The Lovers card of the Tarot trumps corresponds to Gemini. Most versions illustrate a male and a female figure below and an angelic figure above. The man is looking over at the woman and she is looking up at the angel while the angel is relating to both. Such are the facets of those born in the Third Sign.

The double purpose of the Gemini incarnation is to manifest an idea of heaven on earth and to reflect to others their higher (spiritual) selves. This is the message from quicksilver, ruler of the Sign. The further they are from this service, the more nervous our Mercurial friends become.

The messenger of the gods is Mercury (Quicksilver) and he rules both Gemini and Virgo. Gemini is the Sign of message and Virgo is the Sign of service. Mercury is usually seen with a winged cap and winged shoes. Astrologically he is the front office of the mind, the intellect, reasoning process, sense perception, the nervous (message) system of the physical vehicle. Mercury is the communicator within as well as from one person to another.

With all of this to cover Gemini people are the busiest we will ever meet. They aren't really complicated, it's just very difficult to see the whole person at any given time. They are moving so fast it's hard to keep track of them. We can do them a favor by not trying and by not insisting that the "real" person step forward. The "real" Gemini is all this stuff but not all in one place at the same time. The influence of the Twins has extended even into this piece of writing which was difficult to start because the writer couldn't "get it together." The writer has nothing in Gemini.

A Gemini in his highest place knows that man lives not on earth only. At some point sooner or later in the incarnation he is presented with a show-down and must make a choice of commitment to the essential reality of the body or of the spirit; one or the other must be known as more real. From that point on, the high road or the low road must be taken through the rest of his life. Satan brought the Gemini alternative to Jesus in the wilderness when they went to the top of a mountain from which could be seen all the kingdoms of the world. And Jesus had to choose between a gift of dominion over

the nations of the earth or go on with the work he had been born to do. Of course we all knew of the choice he made.

As a part of some of the ancient initiations as well as modern orders of churches the aspirant chooses a heavenly bride rather than a bride of the world and marries his Order. A Gemini who has made his choice is not so rigidly defined. The result of his choice is a person whose life is based on the reality of the body or of the spirit. Better yet he should say the closer proximity to reality.

And here may be the key to man's situation: Human nature made the choice long ago. How do we like the world which resulted? And could we imagine a world as an extremely more desirable place to be than it is? By glancing around we can easily see the choice that was made.

The lore of the Tarot and of the ancient Rabbis teaches that Adam was sent to the Garden of Eden to be a gardener or caretaker and to give to everything a name. This naming of everything is part of the heritage of Gemini through the talent of speech and the tool of putting it into a few excellent words. The Magician (Trump No. 6) in the Garden of the Tarot is Mercury the messenger seen through the Tarot and also the arranger of all within the reach of his perception. "Collect your thoughts before you speak" is a well known old line of advice.

The freedom to change is a necessary part of the Gemini environment. This is also a basic need of Sagittarius, the opposite Sign. When provided in excess we have a bum, when denied the personality often splits down the middle. But in its natural habitat this most human of the Signs develops all the human talents with enough attention from his wit to master them all through basic principles. He can successfully point out life situations for all the rest of us to see clearly. Satire is one of the more eloquent methods. When Gemini delivers, it is taken up to the rest of us to apply the messages from central information which the Third House of the Zodiac provides.

The Who's Opera: A Loud Deafmute

LONDON—After almost two years of planning, talking about, and toying with the idea, Pete Townshend and the Who have completed *Tommy*, their rock and roll opera about a deaf, dumb, and blind boy.

And in an hour-long, cripplingly loud preview show for the press and pop industry at London's Ronnie Scott Club, the Who gained an excited reaction from critics.

Townshend gave the press this plot outline:

"It's about a boy who is born normal, just like you and me. Then he witnesses a murder and becomes deaf, dumb and blind.

"He is later raped by his uncle and gets turned on to LSD."

Tommy develops a talent for playing pinball, is miraculously healed, and goes on to become the hero of the younger generation.

A lot of the exact story line got lost during and after the show, owing to the Who's partially-successful attempt at audience participation: That is, they tried to make the listeners go deaf, dumb and blind. In the confined space of Ronnie's, a bandbox-sized jazz club, the overwhelming intensity of the Who's playing left scores of people literally deaf.

As Melody Maker writer Chris Welch recounted: "Some 20 hours after the event, my ears were still ringing, and I was barely able to sleep without a vision of Keith Moon thrashing like a demon swimming before me."

Tommy, he said, underlines Townshend's flair for "inventive lyrics and original composition, not forgetting the sense of humor and drama always evident in his work."

After the show, Roger Daltrey shook his head and commented: "Peter's lyrics are really getting ridiculous. Some of the things he's doing are unbelievable."

Besides an excellent two-LP set, *Tommy* has produced one of the Who's best-selling singles ever, a commercial-sounding rock number called "Pinball Wizard."

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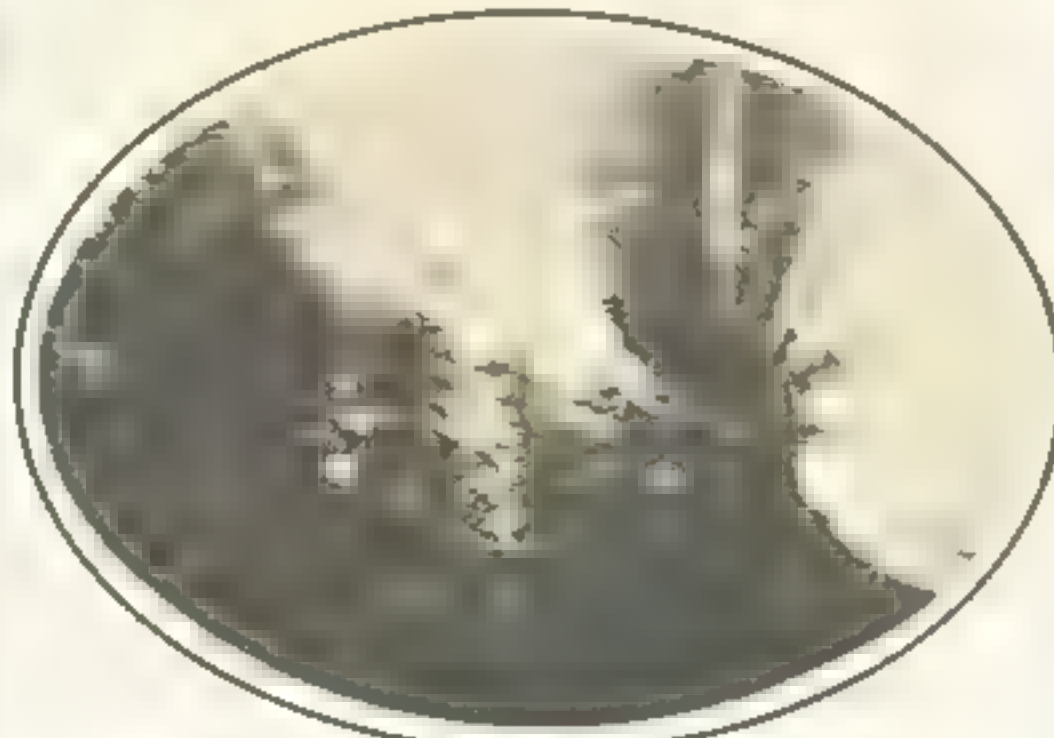


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ROLL OVER, CHUCK BERRY


PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASTIN WOLFE

BY GREIL MARCUS

In its own way, Berkeley is very much a rock and roll city. The main artery leading from the university campus, Telegraph Avenue, is lined with record stores and when the release date for the new album by the Beatles arrives, one can hear the whole record just by walking down the street.

On Friday, May 9, Chuck Berry came to town for an evening concert and a noontime "lecture" in the Student Union lounge on campus. Ordinarily, the room's big couches and chairs are populated by a quiet, drowsy group of regulars who spend the entire day in this one spot. (I once studied there for a year and saw the same faces and fighting dogs every day.) The room is some architect's idea of modern academic charm, but usually the only way to get comfortable there is to lie on the floor. There is a big fireplace that never had a fire, and a lot of clocks that don't work.

On Chuck Berry Friday, the public

address system was playing "Roll Over Beethoven," and the lounge was inundated by several hundred strangers buzzing in with stories and memories on their lips, expropriating the tables and chairs and filling up the floor—grad students, black students, street musicians, coffee house managers, college reporters from other distant schools, hippies, straight kids. Standing room only. It was a knowledgeable crowd, not a bunch of curiosity seekers, but even so, when a couple of university administrators looked in, nobody was able to explain to them just exactly what was going on.

Off to one side, Chuck Berry was pushing against one of the big windows that looks like a door, a few fans came to his rescue and tried to find the fellow that was supposed to do the introducing. Chuck gazed at the crowd that hadn't noticed him yet, and then all sorts of wide-eyed admirers rushed up to shake his hand, trying to tell Chuck Berry how much it meant to have him there. Chuck

strode into the middle of the room, wearing brown slacks, a yellow turtleneck, and a green jacket, hair black and curly, every inch the Master. He added a lot more to that lounge than the architect ever did.

When it was announced that Chuck Berry was going to deliver a lecture, most people didn't believe it; he is not a very talkative man and he does not give interviews. Like many other stars of the early years of rock and roll, it is difficult to imagine Chuck Berry anywhere but on stage. He was there in front of us, though, ready to do something with the microphone.

With mock formality, he read from his lecture contract that his scheduled "speech" was to allow for a few questions at the end: "The speech—ecch; the questions—ahhh." Chuck responded to his questioners with an "if you only knew" look; laughing at jokes, kept mostly to himself. He spoke slowly, choosing his words carefully, and oc-

casional breaking it all open, raising his voice, talking in sing-song, building up excitement like a showman.

Tell us about Wentzville and Berry Park in Missouri.

Wentzville is a city of 3,000 people. Mostly German. It's a farm town. How I ever drove stakes there, I don't really know. But I was introduced to some property, and I sunk some extra bread into it and began to build, until that's how I landed there. And now, it's about a half a million dollar estate I have there . . . it's a country club, pool, night club, motel . . . it's a small admission to come in, so it's very popular. Incidentally, it's beginning to be what I might call a "swing city," with groovy people, and I hope it grows.

Everybody knows you influenced the English people, the Beatles, really early—did you go over there or did they just realize how far out you were?

Continued on Next Page

You mean did I go over there and start a fire, or did they see the fire from over here? Is that your question? I really don't know . . . whether they saw the fire from over here or not, but as a rule, America sets the swinging pace for England, being it's rather slow or moderate in its manner of living . . . I should think that our American way, the swinging way, reached there, since the music started here—I should think they sort of latched on.

Could you describe your recording sessions with Chess?

I can describe it beautifully, because I did it quite a few times. When I first walked into Chess Records in May of 1955, after a previous night of visiting one of Muddy Waters' dates, which was around the corner, on the south side of Chicago . . . and I played a song with him, it was a great thrill, him having let me do so, and he said I should go to Leonard—whoever Leonard was, I didn't know—and "get him to record you," because he said I played some nice stuff. So he gave me the address, and which I did. So I went, and he said, "Bring some material and we'll tape it." And I had a \$79 tape recorder, monaural, and I cut six songs on it with some jive musicians on it—I say jive musicians, because I don't even remember their names now—

my royalties statement when the Beatles did those two numbers.

Have you found it necessary to change your style in the last seven years?

I have not found it necessary to change my style in the last seven years. I'm glad you asked that question, because as of today I do not know, or recognize, my style. I feel like I play like a good many people, mainly my idols. I think other people recognize—it's like I could never say who I look like—but I think that somebody else might think I looked like someone else. So I think it's the same way with style. I don't recognize it.

Did you ever know a girl named Maybelline?

No. The only Maybelline I knew was the name of a cow . . .

How about Nadine?

Well, Nadine, I hadn't heard it, but it seemed like a girl's name. I was associating that with Maybelline, because I wanted to identify it . . . there was a lull in the recordings, and coming back, I wanted to identify "Nadine" with "Maybelline" . . . and "No Particular Place to Go" with the melody of "Schooldays," and they're quite similar. As a matter of fact, I almost used the same track, but had different fellows playing.

How did you come to write "Johnny B. Goode"?



and took it into Chess Records . . . one of the songs was "Maybelline" and one was "Wee Wee Hours." Two weeks later I came back and cut a session with some Chicago musicians, and that started the ball rolling.

What were some of the earliest influences in your music? What turned you on, what kind of things did you follow; what turned you on to music in the first place?

Well . . . you asked me what turned me on to music . . . I suppose I could say music itself, because I was singing at the age of six, in church, it began. Then, the feeling to harmonize began to be a desire of mine; to get away from the normal melody and add my own melody and harmony was imperial, and I guess that grew into the appreciation for music. Rock 'n' roll. Actually, I don't think it was . . . matter of fact, I know it wasn't called that then.

Who were your influences on your singing and your guitar playing?

Guitar playing, a person named Charlie Christian, guitarist for Benny Goodman, T-Bone Walker, and Carl Hoagan—I think those three would be on guitar. Much of my material begins with Carl Hoagan's familiar riffs, like "ba doo doo dab, ba doo doo dab." And the singing, I haven't yet covered, it's such a variety, my ideals . . . for instance, one of my favorite singers—or rather I should say two—are Nat and Frank, in that respect, because I am moody and Nat sang moody music. So it's a lotta singers . . . Fats Domino, actually there are many I could go on and name . . .

When you wrote your songs, were you writing them 'cause you felt like it, or were you writing 'em to make money? Would you have written those songs even if they hadn't paid you any money?

No, I wouldn't have had time. The commercial value in songs is a great instigator.

How much money are you making from the royalties from your tunes that the Beatles did?

Very hard to tell, it's very hard to tell. Any of the royalties from any one song or any one artist doing the song, because the royalties come so scattered, there's no way to compute any one particular song. However, there was a little leak in

You know, I was writing very commercially then, I don't really know how it started, but "Johnny B. Goode" is just a story—I wanted it to be a story—as I got into it, Memphis is close, I only wrote about the places that I had been then, and it's almost all improvisation. So I guess I'll add it up to "art."

Did you ever get bad-rapped for playing some of your sexy songs in small towns?

Yes, I played at a university—I don't know the name of it now—up North, and I was going through the usual program, and about midway I thought I'd put a little "pump" into it . . . and I started out with the melody, and one of the fraternity brothers came over and he said [stage whisper] "No, Chuck, no, no, no, no—the Sisters are lined up in the back." He said it was a Men's College of Ministry. So I found out about it in the middle of the second chorus.

Is there a story behind the Bo Diddley album you recorded with him, Two Great Guitars?

Yes, one that I love telling. As I walked into Chess Records' recording studio to do a session at one o'clock, Bo Diddley was still getting up 20 minutes for his new album, which went over into two o'clock, and at one-thirty that was still not enough, he needed another five or ten minutes, so I was asked to sit down and play some stuff to give Bo some ideas . . . and I did this, and these "ideas" were drafted and published . . . incidentally, you can't always tell a recording company not to do this and not to do that, because they have a little authority over the product they put out, and if they feel that if it's commercial, they can take your name and turn it inside out . . . like Buck Cherry . . .

How did you come to play with Steve Miller?

I was billed . . . you mean in San Francisco? When I go out, for the last eight years, I have been performing as what is known as a "single"—I go there, and there is a house band or local band, that performs with me. I never know who it is, or seldom know who it is, and we have usually an hour or half an hour or no hour, to rehearse. On the last eight years of trips, I have tried

to keep my music quite simple, so that I could preach it in two or three minutes. A lot of the songs are alike. A lot of the songs are on the familiar blues track, in order that I can go to a show, a rehearsal, and in a short time, can take the thing and do the performance. Now I've forgotten your question—what was it? Oh yes, how did we come to meet . . . well, whoever the promoter is, for instance, if this was a gig, Joe Garrod would have gotten Steve Miller, also under contract, and myself, and together we would have produced some sort of noise.

When did you first start the duck walk?

Paramount Theatre, in 1956. Allen Freed had a house full . . . 6,000 some odd, and at that time clothes were just about like they are now . . . you could wear yellow suits, pink trousers, blue shoes—everybody was a plainclothesman—and my trio that I brought from St. Louis, incidentally, this was one of my first gigs, and I had to outfit my trio, the three of us, and I always remember the suits cost me \$66, \$22 apiece. We had to buy shoes and everything, so anyway, when we got to New York, the suits, they were rayon, but looked like seersucker by the time we got there . . . so we had one suit, we didn't know we

sically, because we don't have . . . I started in church music, in the choir—it seems to be the ritual. Then after I "left church," or didn't frequent it too much. It was not until high school and the glee club. And I think it was my first, shall we say "professional" challenge to the public. I sang "Confessin' the Blues," one of Jimmie Chan's numbers, at an all-men's review and got a terrific ovation because at that time it was like singing "My Ding-A-Ling" or something—I see you know something—it was sort of rebellious applause, I suppose, that someone had the gumption to sing a way-out song in school. So I did, and I think that vanished my stage fright, if I had any.

What day and month were you born? October 18th.

Why don't you have your own band?

Three weeks ago, I've taken two men, I began a band again. I'm taking them to Frisco—I am in Frisco—I brought them here to Frisco. It's a problem sometimes to realize where you're at. As a matter of fact, I'm not in Frisco, I'm in Berkeley. And I brought them to the Fillmore West for a date, and I've had them in Detroit and Chicago so far. So we'll be seeing you more and more.

What do you think rock 'n' roll has done to the kids in America?

were supposed to change. So we wanted to do something different, so I actually did that duck walk to hide the wrinkles in the suit—I got an ovation, so I figured I pleased the audience, so I did it again, and again, and I'll probably do it again tonight.

Have you ever thought about what you would have done if none of your records had been hits?

Yeah, I would have probably been still doing hair. At the time I had just finished cosmetology and I was into practice about six months when "Maybelline" broke . . . I didn't even cancel my booth until I got a contract for \$400, and it pleased me and I sold the booth, and went on into music.

What ever happened to the piano player who played on most of your records?

Yes, Johnny Johnson . . . Johnny Johnson is still in East St. Louis. He's more or less a family man now . . . he found a mate and the mate sort of captivated his liberty . . .

Did you ever play with him?

Once in a while, when we're in and around locally, in St. Louis.

What was the story behind "Back in the USA"?

That was strictly my experience in Australia, which was a drag, I mean really a drag. I never found even a hot dog . . . I mean the food is like . . . Well, there were some hot dogs, I mean, the food is way out, and at that time, "down under" was still down under, and it was really just a drag trip. I was down there two weeks, and I didn't enjoy myself, so I was just glad to get back into the USA.

Did you ever gig in Chicago with any blues bands?

Many, many times. I set in, stepped in, laid in . . . Chicago's about 37 minutes from my home, so I was quite frequently there.

What do you think of the Rolling Stones?

When I'm asked about another group, I say, "They're wonderful." And they are.

Can you tell us a little about your background, your upbringing . . . how did it influence you?

Okay, musically . . . about myself mu-

Lots of things. Like any music, it brings you together, because if two people like the same music, they can be standing beside each other shaking and they wind up dancing, and that's a manner of communication . . . without words they'll join hands . . . and sometimes some of the dancers, they don't even look, you don't even touch your partner, you just dance . . . so I say it's a means of communication, more so than other music, to the kids.

Which records does your sister play on and where did you first burn your guitar?

I have never burnt my guitar. I have never set it on fire. No, I'm not that . . . My sister sang on (this requires thought), sang on three songs, it was "Trick or Treat," "Go, Go, Little Carol"; I think that's all there is, just those two or three. She was at the studio at the time.

What kind of discrimination did you face when you first got into the musical field?

Yeah, a beautiful question. Could be a long answer, too. How bad was discrimination in my early career? When I first started out and became famous? Well, most of my music was from the South—when I say the South, I mean below Dixie and as far as Texas, but not too much, well, Mississippi's not too commercial, but Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia, and so forth, and it was . . . I could really carry on.

Bobby Charles and I had a tour once of 11 days and we had a swing thing goin'—he would go in the front door and I would go in the back door; he would come and bring me the warm meal, and incidentally, he likes sandwiches. We'd switch out front because I ate meals and he ate sandwiches. We even got stopped for riding together, two males . . . it was outrageous. And since, in the last three years, I haven't even been into the South, other than Miami. And I'm dying to go and see what it's like after the marching and songs and things have been withdrawn and so forth . . . but I better stop here, cause I could go on and on and tell you experiences . . .

Were your audiences predominantly white?

On one side of the hall . . . the Fats Domino Show, I think they call it the Biggest Show of Stars, which came through even Berkeley here, '57 and '58, well, it was breaking then . . . we'd go in and see the salt and pepper all mixed together, and we'd say, "Well, look what's happening." Every once in a while, we'd go into a place where it would break; it was broken, I should say, and which was a thrill.

I remember the first time I checked in at the Stonewall Jackson, down in Jackson, Mississippi. I went up to ask where the . . . man, I didn't even know where the neighborhood was then . . . the neighborhood is, the neighborhood, I'm sure you've lived in it . . . so I went up to the hotel and asked, and the fellow came up and hit the bell, and said "May I help you?" And he gave me a room on the 5th floor, right by the elevator and everything, but it was a room, and I appreciated that very much, because I took my attache and marched in there and had a nice sleep. I didn't use the cafeteria or anything, but it was nice.

Could you talk a little bit about going to Hollywood to make Rock, Rock, Rock?

soon, to Chess Records; as of now, I'm on Mercury yet.

How did you like doing the Super Session album—I think it was with Bo Diddley and Muddy Waters?

How did I like doing it? I was unaware . . . that it was being cut for publicity. I thought I was just giving ideas, I was just running through a lot of riffs and so forth, you know. I would have called it "Sausage" if it would've been my song.

How do you think your audience has changed in the last few years?

When we first started playing music, it was just a song, now it's who wrote it, the progression . . . people are more educated about music now, and especially the music business, because they know about your royalties, you can't fool them . . . if you have a hit record, they want to borrow money . . . and people are just more hip than they were then. So down through the years, these changes have taken place.

Is it boring to play the same songs year after year?

No, because it isn't the song, in the first place, that moves me, that is, I can speak for myself. It's the people, the audience. I have a thing about people . . . like right now, I'm gassing myself, because I don't think I've seen any of

I have a script, it's on regular type-writing paper; I have 220 one-sided pages, and it involves music, my personality, my beliefs . . . and the world as I've found it . . . finding it.

Who will publish it?

I haven't gotten to that point—I want to strive for at least 500 pages.

Are you afraid of crowds? I understand you got mobbed in Europe.

No, actually, I've never been really mobbed . . . once at a certain dance my coats were pulled on, and I looked down and it happened to be a female, and I looked down and made big eyes and said "You shouldn't do that," and they shied away. There's ways to actually handle that. Of course, you can go and let yourself be torn apart, I think, as I have seen, but I have never been really taken.

What about that stir in London, where they had to stop it before the end—you remember, where everybody came on stage?

Yes, I remember that, very clearly, and I shook about . . . I got to shake about seven hands and then I had to begin shaking arms, and that's when I really moved out. It can get a little heavy.

Can you relate the circumstances under which you wrote "Jo Jo Gun"—

Fifth Dimensions in Europe, and they were not soul brothers, or rather, they were soul brothers, but they were blue-eyed, but I thought they were brown-eyed. But, yes, I am moved by . . . I was moved by this guitar player. And also the ones I mentioned, that I heard in my early career.

What's behind "Beautiful Deliah" and why isn't it on an album?

You mean like "Vagabond's Horse"? Oh well, you can't . . . they won't publish it, they feel that it won't . . . it would be a brand, new thing to wax so many songs for a try, companies won't do it. Well, a small company would, because they tried "Maybelline" once, which I guess was a little out of the ordinary, because it sort of caught on: "Vagabond's Horse" is a poem, and I like to do it on performances, but I don't think . . . as a matter of fact, it's 45 minutes long, done at the right speed. Vocally.

Did you ever do anything with Elvis Presley or Little Richard or the Beatles?

Yeah, I tried to get near him, but it was hard as heck. I've never performed with Elvis Presley, nor have I met Elvis Presley—I can't say this about the Beatles—but Elvis was a little too warm or a little too distant for us to come about together.



Inexperienced—I'm from St. Louis, I was born there—I had a hit record about a year and a half old, I was told that I had a picture to make in—it wasn't Hollywood—Culver City. They gave me a ticket, sent me to Culver City with my guitar; they threw a script in front of me and we started shooting the next day. The next day I came and I think I had read the script, but after I'd read it, you know it's like a book, it doesn't say anything. You're not interested in it and I didn't remember any of it.

They bring this big camera right up before me and say, "Speak louder, Mr. Berry." And I'd say my line, you know a picture's made in parts, about three minutes at a time, which was beautiful, or I'd never have made it. And there was about 20 minutes in between each three minutes, so that's how I got my script together . . . but this camera coming up right about two feet from my head and telling me to speak louder, and I'm speaking about as loud as I am now, but in the movies you even speak louder, because somehow the camera doesn't hear as well as people do.

Could you elaborate a little bit on your relationship with recording company executives, Chess Records, and what effect do you feel that recording companies have on musicians and their work, in relation to artistic freedom?

Okay . . . first may I ask you if you're associated with, or affiliated with, Mercury Records?

No.

Okay then, Leonard Chess owns Chess Records; he started out some 18 years before I entered with the company; we have a thing together, we have had a thing together since the first time I walked into the studio. He said he saw beauty in my entrance. When I left to go to Mercury for—I might as well, because it's spent now—for \$150,000, he said, "Go, and I'll see you in three years," which was my term at Mercury. Since I have been with Mercury, things haven't been going too well . . . I have kept in constant contact with Chess Records. I like little companies because there's a warmer relationship between the artist and the executive. I shall be going back

these people before, maybe a few, yeah, but grossly . . . and like the building, even the building is saying something to me . . . and I really appreciate this more, much more than either of you could. So it's actually the people that gas me. The song, although I forget the song sometimes, it isn't even important about the song . . . they're just lyrics.

How do you feel about drugs and grass?

Well, let's see . . . drugs I haven't felt yet, grass I have. How do I feel . . . you said about them, not with them . . . it's like a religion, I feel this way, and I think the law will finally wind up this way not only with the persons or personalities, or personal things, but "to each his own." If two people communicate or correlate or in any manner relate, and it does not harm them, and it does not harm anyone else, it's got to be right. This also goes for one person, whatever they do with themselves.

Have you ever been in conversation with Mick Jagger or any of the Rolling Stones?

Not to my knowledge have I talked with this person of whom you spoke—Dick Jagger? The Rolling Stones . . . the Rolling Stones have a reflection to my music, I wouldn't deny it. I think that's honest.

Were you influenced by Little Richard?

Oh yes sir, I dig several numbers of Richard. As a matter of fact, I still play "Lucille" to get a little pump.

Who do you consider your best imitator?

A fellow that I ran upon after a gig—I forget the ball now—in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I went to a little nightclub act, after my job, where Chuck Berry was advertised, and there was a fellow, when I walked in, there was a fellow goin' across the stage with his guitar, his left foot up—this is the bit that I put together—and I had to meet him. I went to his dressing room, I didn't expose my identity, but I asked him, "How do you do that?" That's what many people have asked me, and I said, "How do you do it on one leg?" And he said, "Aw, it's easy."

Tell us about your book.

what kind of amplifier were you using, when you were recording?

Yes, "Jo Jo Gun" is a multiple recording . . . the insets behind each verse identify what's going on in each verse, for instance, when the lion and the elephant were beginning to fight, I think I did that Gillette thing, and so forth; after he got whipped, we did "Gone Are the Days" . . . but the idea came from the "Signifying Monkey"—it's a toast. Is that what you wished to hear? Mainly it was "The Signifying Monkey" cleaned up.

Do you think that music moves the country or does the country move the music?

I think I understand the root of your question. The dollar dictates what music is written. For instance, if a certain pattern, like "soul" or jazz or mambo, from which I have seen these three passages come, and it starts selling . . . everybody knows about charts, at least the producers know about charts, and they wish for these things to be recorded in order that they can get sales, and everybody jumps on the bandwagon to record such.

For instance, when the first psychedelic music came out, there was a couple of big sales on a couple of numbers, and later, it began to jump on the bandwagon, with a few more big sales, and first thing you know, we had psychedelic music now, it's going over.

I understand that there's a rock revival coming back . . . well, these phases are done not by somebody inserting something into the music pot, but I think the disk jockeys have a great percentage in which type of music is going to be popular, because they actually . . . when they put it to your ear, and you hear it over and over, it's human nature that you'll catch on to it, and you'll like it.

Do you admire any English guitarists?

Yeah, as a matter of fact, I recorded with an English group that I admire greatly, because before I went into the studio, I just knew there were some soul brothers in there blowin' because they were blowin' some blues . . . a fellow was blowin' a harp, by the name of the Fifth Dimensions—I understand there's another group out now—but this was the

Do you know what you're gonna play tonight? Like do you plan your sets?

No, I never recall planning a set. I work entirely ad lib, meaning that spontaneous action.

You mentioned Charlie Christian . . . are there any other jazz influences?

Uh, yes, jazz musicians . . . well, would you call Les Paul . . . I suppose he's a jazz musician. His "How High the Moon" is just beautiful. I wish I could run upon some musicians who knew it; we'd surely do it on one set. And a number of small-time jazz musicians that have been around New York . . . I wish I could get them away, to come along with me now—at that time I wasn't carrying a band. But, yes, there are many.

What proportion of the year do you travel, and what do you do when you're not travelling?

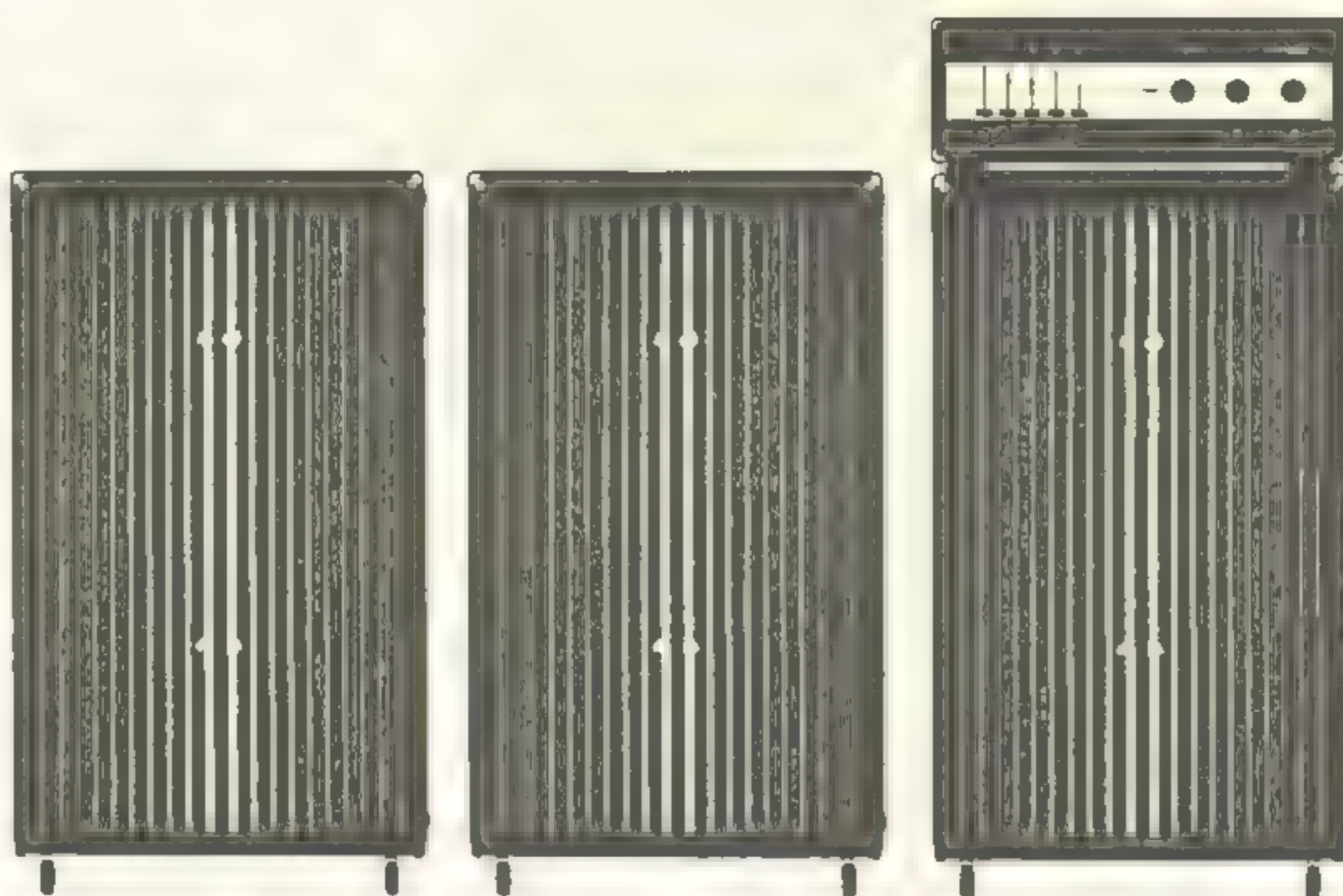
Okay, Berry Park, again, captivates quite a bit of my time. I'm heavy into property, in property management. And the other portion of the time, which is about 30% of the week, I go out to play music.

Would you give us an example of where you get your ideas for your songs?

A song, to me, could come from hearing a group in a riff . . . the riff might say words to me like "put her down" or it would be like going over and over, and to me it would be like "put it back" or "let it go" . . . a riff might say something. Well, I might incorporate that riff into a pattern and go from there musically. Again, someone might say something like "It's too dark in here," which is the title of my latest single . . . it's the story of a girl who hardly could go anywhere, cause at the movie it was too dark, at the party that they went to it was one dim light burning, and when he went to pick her up she had all the lights on in the house, and he drove her out the freeway for a cool ride, and she said "I hope you don't park around here nowhere, cause it's too dark," and when they went back home there was no one there and the lights were out and the fuse was blown and it was dark in there. And that's the way it ends.

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JEAN-LUC

GODARD



by Jonathan Cott

Most questions derive from an interest or even from an obsession. In the latter case, they presuppose a protective, often rigid intellectual and emotional armor. One asks a question in order to affirm one's own thoughts instead of as a means of looking around and discovering what is there. Thus, the structure of catechism and, in a sense, the questions in the following interview.

Having seen over fifteen of Jean-Luc Godard's extraordinary feature films, I seem to have remained hanging on to that esthetic world created by Godard in which love, conscience, tenderness, and art (values implicit in films as late as *Masculine-Feminine* and *Pierrot Le Fou*) formed the silent horizon—the screen—on which one observed the players disjoined from their creator's idealized perfections. As Godard once said: "Beyond the theater is life, and behind life, the theater. My point of departure was the imaginary and I discovered the real; but behind the real there was the imaginary."

The "imaginary" is the world of love striven for, but the film attests to the impossibility of such striving and then marks death for those whose thin and pure elements gratuitously, violently, and naturally suffer to return to their extinction. Thus the Mozart Clavier Concerto, heard in *Breathless* and *Masculine-Feminine*, presages death for the wounded, innocent heroes "disguised as princes" (*Pierrot Le Fou*). And the circular camera movements round that beautiful pastoral Mozart piano recital in *Weekend* signifies the end of this esthetic world. The hippie drum solo near this film's conclusion ends the suggestion of "the film we had dreamed, the film we had carried in our hearts, the film we wanted to make—and secretly wanted to live" (*Masculine-Feminine*).

Like a hallucinating child who sees a page or object that is no longer before him, I failed to realize that Godard was always attempting to break through that mirage in which cinema equaled life—

a fantasy shared by his actors. "I know nothing of life except through the cinema," Godard told Tom Milne in 1962. "I didn't see things in relation to the world, to life or to history, but in relation to cinema. Now I am growing away from all that. . . . I thought *Breathless* was a realistic film, but now it seems like *Alice in Wonderland*, a completely unreal, surrealist world." As Susan Sontag has written: "Life—the world; death—being completely inside one's own head."

In Godard's second feature film, *Le Petit Soldat*, the O.A.S. gunman protagonist quotes Lenin's dictum: "Ethics is the esthetics of the future." Looking back now, we see that this exile and deserter, in search of his self, not knowing "where to give his heart," ironically was pointing to Godard's recent unswerving and uncompromising concern with using film as a way to "change the world."

There is no more joking self-consciously about the image of films—no more references to *Johnny Guitar*. Godard's new films are not about politics in the way that *Le Petit Soldat* or

Resnais' *The War Is Over* are. Rather they present a political consciousness in the guise of quasi-documentary footage and thus attempt to make you watch and listen and think. "To look around one's self, that is to be free," Godard once said. This is true for life. But when one questions (rightly) and then does away with the barest paradigms of the "spectacle" film—action, character, etc.—one finds one's self in undiscovered territory, and the chances of losing the way in the capitalist woods with only little red books in the basket are great.

Godard's new questioning of the relationship between art and politics reveals itself in recent personal confrontations such as when he asked the audience at last year's London Film Festival to watch the uncut version of *One Plus One* outside the theater on a makeshift screen and return their tickets and send the refund to the Eldridge Cleaver Defense Fund. Put to a vote, only twenty persons decided to walk out. Godard said: "You're content to sit here like cretins in a church." During the shouting that followed, he hit producer Ian Quarrier who later explained why he

added to the end of Godard's film a complete recorded version of the Rolling Stones' *Sympathy for the Devil* ("ten million teeny boppers in America alone.")

One Plus One intersperses shots of the Stones creating *Sympathy for the Devil* (from a slow ballad to the final rhythmic holocaust) with scenes of Black Power militants in a Battersea automobile junkyard reciting texts by LeRoi Jones and Cleaver, shooting white night-gowned girls; an interview in lush green woods with Evé Democracy (Anne Wiazemski) who replies yes or no to questions defining the liberal temperament; a pornographic bookstore where Mr. Quarrier reads out from *Mein Kampf* while customers give the Nazi salute then slap two bandaged young men who chant "Peace in Vietnam."

Godard's uncompleted new film, *Some English Voices*, apparently emphasizes one angle shots in an attempt to demystify image-making. The film is supposed to include a car factory production line, the camera conveying the sense of the monotony of automation, car workers at home talking about their life; a speech exemplifying fascist undercurrents beneath the liberal veneer, students talking about the Beatles' "Honey Pie," one saying: the more beautiful the music, the more counter-revolutionary the effect, the other saying: it's only a song; Godard's dying hand reaching—coming home—for the Red Flag, symbolizing revolutionary internationalism exemplified by Spanish Civil War and NLF songs.

While shooting up at the University of Essex, Godard encountered a manifesto published by the Situationists which concluded: "If you see a camera, smash it! It might be Godard."

Nietzsche wrote: "War has always been the grand sagacity of every spirit which has grown too inward and too profound; its curative power lies even in the wounds one receives."

The interview was recorded in English driving out to the airport and during an airport dinner.

Interview begins on following page.

IRVING TETTERBAUM

ETHAN RUSSELL

When you were in Berkeley and met some of the students, you made a statement that a film is a practical rifle and a rifle is a practical film.

Well, I gave another definition in an interview I had with a French newspaper: the film is a scientific experiment. I will give you a theoretical example. You need a film just as guerrillas—trekking about in the night, good users of rifles—need a light, a small light, in order to see. But it's not exactly a gun. It's a light which helps you check with your gun. But I still think it's a theoretical gun and I'll keep to this definition.

Why is it that in the last few films, your portrayal of the hippie revolutionaries, in *Weekend* let's say, and in *One Plus One*, those two boys in the pornography bookshop.

They were not hippies. Their long hair isn't necessarily related to hippiness. It could be to clergymen, too. No, they were not hippies. They were just oppressed people.

Well, let's stick to *Weekend* then, where you have the band of hippie guerrillas.

Yes, but that was two years ago and it was the French situation of that time. It was different. It was utopian. And even then, they were more Yippies than hippies because they didn't hesitate to take up guns. Yuppies in a French way, maybe. I remember a discussion in Berkeley this year, I had an interview with Eldridge Cleaver and he was reproaching people like Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman. He said, "Those Yippie people like toy guns. We Black Power people like real guns."

One of the problems I felt about the Yuppies you portrayed in *Weekend* was that I was never sure whether there was any causal relationship between their will and the situation they were involved in, whether they were really a reflection of what was happening, whether they were in fact controlling the situation in some way, or whether they were just victims.

They were terrorists. Or nihilists. Like the first young Russian nihilists putting bombs under the Tzar. They were nihilists and not really revolutionary, but revolutionaries are sometimes nihilists too.

Isn't there a similarity between the two characters in *Weekend* who wander off on their trip to the mother's home and the two characters in *Pierrot le Fou*. They have that picaresque quality to them. They travel around and things happen to them.

Maybe, because this movie was done with personal feeling and intuition. After the May-June events I became aware of how late I was. *Weekend* wasn't done with a script. It came from a personal feeling, a personal intuition, as in *Pierrot le Fou*. But the intuition in *Weekend* was closer to the social situation in France than it was in *Pierrot le Fou*. It came from a clear political analysis and was then transformed into a movie.

One Plus One was more of that, and the next one, the American film, will be more yet. The idea is to make the script out of a political analysis and then to convey that, sometimes in poetry, sometimes science, sometimes all it takes is a film. The film itself is less and less spectacular because I think very strongly now that the more spectacular you are, the more you are absorbed by the things you are trying to destroy. You don't destroy anything at all, and it's you who are destroyed because of the spectacle. Some real examples are the films done in Hollywood about Che Guevara and Malcolm X. If Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is going to do a movie about Che Guevara, the Cubans should be making it, but if Fidel Castro writes the script, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer won't distribute it. So you can't do it.

After *Pierrot le Fou*, your films changed.

Let's say that early period was my hippie period. I was addicted to movies as the hippies are addicted to marijuana. Now I went through marijuana (I don't smoke marijuana, but I don't

need to because movies are the same to me), but now I'm over this movie marijuana magic thing.

All the earlier films were extremely romantic—the sensibilities of all your protagonists were related: all of them seemed to be dominated by the feeling of early death, lack of relationships and detachment. All those early characters died, except for the character in *Le Petit Soldat*, and he was a fascist character.

Yes, but I'm realizing that only today. Yes, because I was an idealist, and the idea of death relating to love and things like that is not completely fascist maybe, but if you get too much involved in that, you are going in the wrong direction. It's a bourgeois philosophy, and it's an ideology I was guilty of.

Wasn't it hard for you to give it up?

No, because it was just one step after another.

Don Siegel's films are usually very right wing. The idea of an action film, which you were obviously influenced by in your early films, usually leads to a kind of right wing philosophy, whereas now you've gotten rid of the action and . . .

I quite agree with you. The film that made *Patemkin* possible was a fascist American movie called *Intolerance*. But they took out of it just what they needed, from a very technical standpoint, and then they changed it.

You've gotten rid of the action sequences now in *One Plus One*.

That may be, for the moment. I don't know what action is. I'm trying to demystify the movies at the same time as making them. I'm always amazed that so many of the militants are so fond of westerns, which I hate. They are not bothered by the fact that it's a fascist form. They don't care. They enjoy it. But a lot of people who lack their intelligence or their militancy are poisoned by that. The militants aren't, but

the other people, the so-called ordinary people are. That's why the scientists of the movie or of the theatre or of literature have to work on theory, to try to indicate how to found new bases, a new grammar, a new philosophy, a new mathematics out of it. And you discover how to do that by being linked to the militant people, by being yourself as militant as you can. It's very well explained in a Mao quotation. He said: Where are the right ideas coming from? Are they coming from the sky? No. They are coming from social practice. What is social practice? There are three kinds. There is scientific experiment. There is struggle for production and there is the class struggle. And I've discovered, at about the same time as the major events occurred in France, that I was working only in the field of scientific experiment, and I myself have to be related to class struggle and struggle for production, though scientific experiment is still necessary.

This means of course that people who loved your films such as *Bande à Part* are going to be disappointed now, aren't they?

Yes. But movies like *Bande à Part* could still be done, but in a happier society, later, when we've found the right way to do it. Instead of being apart from the society, one will be in it. The fantasy at the end of *Bande à Part* will become real.

Do you think that's really possible?

Yes. We will do it. To make the end of *Bande à Part* possible, we have to have a South American revolution. After they've done that, and if we could help them to do it, the situation in South America will be much better.

It's all or nothing with you now, isn't it?

I prefer all. It's because I take it that all is possible, we don't have to give it away for nothing. Or pretend that since all is impossible, we might as well prefer nothing for the moment, the way hippies and others think.



ETHAN RUSSELL

Towards the end of Weekend, you use a slogan to the effect that one can only surpass the horror of the bourgeoisie with more horror.

Yes, I think so. Especially in the scientific experimentation. Not in the struggle for production or power, but in scientific experimentation, yes. You have to burn the opera. Not British Motor Corporation or General Motors, because that's not so clear. You do have to build some cars. But Covent Garden, Lincoln Center, the San Francisco Opera House, yes, we can burn them.

But there are still beautiful operas around.

We've tried other ways, but it's no use. If we don't burn them we'll always be absorbed by going into them.

It's strange that you would be willing to burn Schoenberg's Moses and Aaron and not General Motors.

No, not burn them, just forget about them a bit. As Mao said, if we burn books, we would not know how to criticize them.

Is it unfair to say that in Weekend, the sense of aggression that you feel towards the bourgeoisie might not in fact be an aggression against yourself?

True. Of course. If it would have been possible to have made the film dinner pornography, then I would have.

Why did you have to kill those animals?

Well, why not? A lot of people are killed in Africa and Vietnam. Why shouldn't I kill animals? It was not done because animals are animals compared with human beings; it's just that if I had killed a human being I would have been put in jail.

But the killing of an animal is naturally and too easily shocking.

I think an audience will be much more shocked by the death of a pig than by

the death of a human being, even if it were told that it was a real human being. One is not used to the idea of shooting animals just for a movie.

In Bresson's film Balthazar, the donkey is shot at the conclusion. And that death, because it's located in a very Christian, Catholic sense of experience, makes that film an extraordinary emotional spiritual height.

Then it has to be destroyed. Catholic! It's disgusting. I don't think he died. And if it does die, I think it's crueler to kill him later than right away.

You think it's crueler to kill Balthazar than to kill the pig?

You just have to do it because it's a further demonstration. This is the way we are. We are killing innocent people.

Because we're killing innocent people, does it mean you have to show other kinds of destruction?

There's no argument. You do it. Or you don't do it.

You quote Lautreamont in Weekend. Now Maldoror in fact, underneath all the fantasy, is an incredibly strong indictment of the self-destructive processes of the bourgeois family. In other words, the attack on the bourgeoisie has been made often before. What makes your focal attack now different?

It's no use to talk of attack in Weekend, which was just for fun. It was more of a Yippie movie I think. A toy gun.

But isn't it true that the Yippies in this film are fascinating and nihilistic?

Oh, they're just nihilists. They are not fascists, because they attack the fascists.

Well, a criticism that has been levelled against Weekend is that if you attack the fascists in that way, then you may be slightly fascist yourself.

No, I don't think so because you have seen that I'm attacking the fascists.

At the end of Weekend, the Yippies are shown to be cannibals. How do you justify cannibalism even in the world being as it is?

I'm not justifying it. You have to criticize it. This is not a Hollywood movie. In a Hollywood movie, after the movie is over, there's nothing more. There is no relationship between the screen and the spectator. There's just a duration. If you don't like it, you go to sleep, the way I do. But in other movies, you can't forget about it. You have to talk about it afterwards.

In Pierrot le Fou Belmondo says, speaking for you I suppose, that what he's interested in are the colors and the spaces between people. And now apparently you've said that what is alive is not what is on the screen but what is between the spectator and the screen. What do you mean by that?

I mean that the movie is not on screen. The movie stems from moving. The movie is a mover. The move from the reality to the screen and back to the reality. And the screens are nothing, just shades. It's like a swimmer doing a crawl until he arrives at the end of the swimming pool and then turning and going back again. This is the screen.

Who is the swimmer, filmmaker or spectator?

They both are. When you arrive, it's the moviemaker; and when you start, it's the spectator.

In One Plus One you show some interviews. There's one with Eve Democree. And there's Frankie Dymon, the Black Power advocate in the film, being prompted and having statements fed to him.

I wouldn't say fed. They were rehearsing, trying to learn from their comrades in the U. S., who are engaged in a more dangerous fight than their own in England.

But I had a sense of the impotency of the whole revolutionary movement because everyone was quoting something or someone else. There are all these microphones and cameras. Eve Democracy can only say yes or no.

Because she is democracy. What else can democracy say?

But Frankie Dymon too?

Yes, but this is the way it is. And it has to be shown and told frankly so that we can analyze it better and know how to do it. There is no meaning in the movie. The meaning comes before and after. The screen is nothing.

I just had a feeling of futility about everything that happened.

Yes, more or less. But the only ones to escape from that were the Blacks.

John Lennon recently replied to your comments about the Beatles' not doing anything politically . . .

I'd like to see John Lennon play Trotsky in a film.

What did you mean when you were supposed to have said: the Jefferson Airplane is me?

I didn't say that.

How do you feel about the Stones and the Jefferson Airplane? They're two such different groups.

Well, the Rolling Stones are much more accomplished than Jefferson Airplane, who are more like tribal people. That is, they present something which exists: The music and the hippie. There is some invention, but it should be politicized. The Stones are more political than Jefferson Airplane, but they should be more and more so every day. The new music could be the beginning of a revolution, but it isn't. It seems more like a palliating to life. The Stones are still working for scientific experiment, but not for class struggle or the struggle for production.

Continued on Next Page

What did you want to do with the Rolling Stones in *One Plus One* when they constructed "Sympathy for the Devil"?

I just wanted to show something in construction. To show that democracy was nowhere, not even constructive. Not destructive, of course, just saying: "We are against war" but doing nothing for peace, not having the strength to follow the Black man who is going to be a revolutionary.

One of the points, too, was that *Eve Democracy* was walking in a lush green field and the Black people were in a junkyard.

That's true.

And do you think of using colors conceptually in your films? You seem to use color almost symbolically in *Contempt*. And in *Made in USA*, the color seems much more aesthetically beautiful than what happens in the film itself.

They were just plain colors. I don't know that they were beautiful. I think the ideology of beauty should be very well analyzed, first destroyed, and then analyzed. Because we are completely mystified by beauty. So maybe we have to make horrible songs first in order to destroy and then to learn what beauty is. We have been taught what beauty is, but we don't really know.

You're not interested in the idea of the eternity any more?

No, not at all.

You don't feel a sense of loss at all? Are you happier with yourself?

Yes, much.

You're making a lot of film critics and audiences unhappy.

I just forget about that. My idea of film hasn't changed. It's just gone further in its own direction and needs to find the right allies. I would have arrived at the same position I'm at now, but in five years. But because of the May-June events, it came in two months. And I was late and I'm still late compared to other comrades who have simpler ideas about these things.

It was exactly the opposite with Bob Dylan. Maybe he was too early. Maybe he was going in the right direction, but too early for him. And he couldn't stand it, really, even if it was successful. He didn't have the political mind and thought. And now he's kind of broken and he has to protect himself and then go into the woods again.

The door to door theatre in La Chinoise: is that what you think you're doing in films now?

Yes. I just think I have fewer ideas, and other less analytical people have better ideas, more militant ideas, in other words.

How do you feel now about your "war" film, *Les Carabiniers*?

I don't feel. I don't think you should feel about a movie. You should feel about a woman, but not about a movie. You can't kiss a movie. Should you shoot about a movie or a painting? Let's have a look and talk about it, but certainly not feel about it. That's what the Church says, feel about God.

You're attacking culture now the way people used to attack religion.

Yes, it's the same thing.

When Malraux was asked in England about the May events, he quoted Marx and said that revolution occurs first as a tragedy and then as comedy. He said that now we're in the comic phase.

Yes, he is in the comic phase. I quite agree.

He wasn't talking about himself.

How does he know? We just have to take pictures of him. When French television is shooting in Parliament, the cameramen are told not to take any shots of Malraux because the people would laugh.

What do you think now about the disagreement you had with Ian Quarrier at the Film Festival, your punching him and the people heckling you.

I'll protect myself better next time, that's all. I was very disappointed with the Rolling Stones. They didn't even say it was the wrong idea to add the completed version of their song on to the end of the film. I wrote to them and they didn't say anything. It was very unfair for them to accept their being emphasized over all the others in the film. Each group of people is equal to the other, and one shouldn't overemphasize the playing of the Stones by repeating them. If the film is distributed, it will have a new title, the title of their song—"Sympathy for the Devil"—a producer's idea. It's unfair not from a personal point of view, but from a political point of view, unfair to the Black people.

Let's say someone goes to *One Plus One* and comes out saying the whole revolutionary movement is useless.

This is because he doesn't know how to look at pictures, because he thinks he has to say something afterwards. When you open a book of mathematics, if you've never studied mathematics, you can't say anything. And here just because you have shadows which resemble reality, you think you're the authority about that and that and that. No, obviously, there's nothing to say. You can say something tomorrow or two days afterwards. You can talk to other people. But you have to say: I have seen that and that. I've seen a girl in the woods. She was named *Democracy*. I've seen Black people reading that and that. And then maybe you ask questions about it. Why was it that way? And then you try to see what it means.

The film might not convince you that the revolutionary movement was correct.

The film doesn't have to convince. You shouldn't speak like that. It has to convince that there are better people than others. It's as if in one or two hours of a picture or twenty pages of a book you want the whole truth about the whole society, about everything, and it has to be right. It's absolutely wrong. It's impossible. It took Mao fifty years of fighting. And then it was very natural. It came from everything he had learned.

But the Rolling Stones' song covers a lot of ground, it contains a lot of material.

No, that's wrong. It has very little. That's why I was so angry with that ending. We should know only a little bit of it. We don't know what kind of song it is. It's just words, the beginning of words. It never goes to the end. Because the Rolling Stones are still at the very beginning.

But you hear what they're singing about at the very beginning, about Satan, about the Kennedys, the Czar, about hippies getting killed before reaching Bombay. There's a lot of content in that one song.

No, there's very little. It's just that you hear it twenty times.

You seem to have such a clear idea of what you're doing, yet there are so many contradictions in the film.

Not in the film, but in the way you look at it. My films are much clearer than they were two or three years ago. They still might be very neophytic, because they're very simple. When you go out of *One Plus One*—ordinary people I mean, people who like James Bond—you might say: This is very complicated. I don't understand anything. But if you go out of the last James Bond film and I ask you, can you tell me what you've seen, you can't. No. There were 20,000 things in James Bond. The movie showed for two hours. I ask, was he in a car. Yes. What colour was it? Do you remember the colour? He was with a girl. What was he saying to her? And just after he left the girl, what was he doing? He can't remember. Maybe he could remember one or two moments. But he couldn't remember or describe to me the sequence of the story. It's like a mixed salad. You can't describe a mixed salad. There are too many things in it.

And then I ask him, you have just seen *One Plus One*. Do you think it's complicated. Well, let's see if it's complicated. Let's remember what you've seen. People playing music. Yes, you remember that. What else? Well, there were Black people in a junkyard throwing guns and reading things. And there was a girl in the woods. And in four minutes he can remember everything there was in the movie. And there is no more. Yes, but why? he says. I didn't understand why that girl was in the woods just before the sequence of the Black people. And I ask him, what do you think? What's she saying? She was only answering yes and no. Well, what kind of questions was she being asked? Do you remember any? And on and on like that. It's a very simple thing, really very simple. . . . These people have been taught that a James Bond film is a simple movie, while in fact it's really complicated and complicated in a dreadful, in a silly way because there was no need for complication.

I think you're cheating now because a James Bond film is much simpler emotionally and intellectually than *One Plus One*.

Yes, maybe, in its reality. The world is more complicated, but not *One Plus One*.

What if a James Bond fan comes out of the movie and says, *One Plus One* bored me. You couldn't really disagree with him if that was how he felt. *One Plus One* is a very intellectual film, it makes you think.

That's because it's the only film like that. If there were a hundred more, made by a hundred different people, it wouldn't be like that. Forget about the film, just think about the Black people, think about the music people.

In the film you say that for an intellectual to be revolutionary, he has to give up his intellectuality; but in order to see the film you have to use your intellect.

You have to give it up at a certain time, but in order to use it again. It's important to give up being an intellectual in the way that the bourgeois conceives of an intellectual. We have to give up being that kind of an intellectual. But you don't have to blow up the world.

Why is it that *One Plus One* seems to be telling you what is happening in such a different and more difficult way than Agnes Varda's *Black Panthers*?

That is because most of the militants in art are going into the struggle for production and the struggle between the classes. They are forgetting about the scientific experiment, and I'm trying not to do that. Since I came from the scientific experiment, I still have too much of that experiment in me. That's why, when I have the money, I'm trying to make two pictures with other people for every one picture of my own.

Will you be working with more groups like the Jefferson Airplane or Rolling Stones in the future?

No, I don't think so.

What about your idea of using television as much as possible now?

Oh, you can't do that. You get more mystified than ever. Unless you think you can address 20 million people and you have something important to say and think you can go through all this mystification to get to the people, it's very difficult.

So where is there to go now?

You make very small movies to show to fewer people more often. More movies to fewer people but much more often. So you can survive.

You have a lot of courage.

No, it's very natural. I couldn't do anything else. You have to know how to survive. You have to be optimistic, because the world situation is so bad. Marx said that. The very pessimistic situation makes me feel optimistic. I'm an optimist because things are so bad they must get better because they can't be worse than they are. It's the same today.

Chabrol's *Les Riches* is a film that's very far away from any political reality; yet it's a very elegant film. In your terms, what is the correct response to this film? Do you say, this is just bourgeois reactionary indulgence, or that, considering what it is, there are some things going on in it which you're interested in.

If there are, they're so well absorbed that there's no necessity to say so. I see no difference between that and even a picture like *If*, for example. I really think that a good picture, today, cannot be successful. Maybe a small minority will be good, but even so they won't be shown—*Potemkin* was banned for 30 years all over Europe.

But *Weekend* is doing well in the States.

Yes, but possibly in the wrong way. That's why I'm sorry I didn't make it dirtier.

A lot of what you're saying sounds to me extremely suicidal.

Not at all. Maybe when I was doing *Weekend* I was that way, but not any longer.

I just hate to give up the idea of your old films.

They are what they are, what I was at that time.

What are you going to do after this English film?

We're trying to find a script by Cohn-Bendit to make a film that I don't really think is possible—a Western, a political Western, one that will not be absorbed by the establishment. And again we're going to try to make some money to make some small films.

So really, the filmmakers like Antonioni and your peers don't interest you any more.

Not at all. I like Antonioni as a person, but I think he's wrong doing a picture for MGM. You can't make a good picture. Or if the picture is good then MGM won't distribute it. Maybe in ten years it will be different, but that's the situation today. Maybe he could do a lot of good things in it as a person, but he has to change his life. One has to change one's life. Maybe this is easier for people who have nothing to do than for those who have something to do.

Antonioni is like Peter Brook and those other people. They don't want to change really. They want to make pictures, they want to make plays. No, you don't have to forget. I mean, I'm asking not to be killed but to be able to live with my wife and things like that, but I'm really not especially asking to make pictures. I like other people. I like to work with them and especially so since we are working in a more collective way.

When there's a movie to be done, in Austria, in Japan, I can just take the tram and say, oh you're doing a movie, ok, I'm coming, I'll work with you. I can go and discuss it with people, I don't need to be behind the camera. Maybe one day it will be fun, and that's all. I'll be very glad. But most of these other people, no, they still want to have that camera. Of if I'm like that now, it's because I feel more scientifically experimental than others. So I take from them the class struggle analysis and then bring in my own scientific experiment. It's not because I'm the director. I really don't care about that.

Do you feel more like a medium now, someone whom ideas go through?

No, more like a worker, a student, or a worker concerned with student power. When you do something bad, you're not ashamed, you're sorry for it. Ok, it's bad, I must do it better, but you sleep very well. It doesn't matter. And if a very good friend of mine says, I hate your picture, I'm no failure at all. I say, tell me why you think it's bad. But five years ago, that response from a friend made me very sad. Which was crazy. I don't understand how I could have felt that.

GEORGE WEIN PRESENTS
THE 16TH ANNUAL



JULY 3 THRU 6, 1969
AT FESTIVAL FIELD
NEWPORT, R.I.

THURSDAY JULY 3 AT 8 P.M.
FOR THE JAZZ AFICIONADO
GEORGE BENSON QUARTET
KENNY BURRELL QUARTET
BILL EVANS/JEREMY STEIG
YOUNG-HOLT UNLIMITED
FREDDIE HUBBARD QUINTET
SUNNY MURRAY QUINTET
ANITA O'DAY
SUN RA SOLAR ARKESTRA
PHIL WOODS AND THE
EUROPEAN RHYTHM MACHINE

FRIDAY JULY 4 AT 2 P.M.
GIANT JAM SESSION: JIMMY SMITH, HOST
including Art Blakey, Benny Green,
Hampton Hawes, Paul Jefferies, Jo Jones,
Albert Mangelsdorff, Howard McGhee,
Ray Nance, Ake Persson, Slam Stewart,
Sonny Stitt, Buddy Tate,
Jimmy Crawford, and others.

FRIDAY JULY 4 AT 8 P.M.
AN EVENING OF JAZZ-ROCK
JEFF BECK
BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS
ROLAND KIRK QUARTET
STEVE MARCUS
TEN YEARS AFTER
JETHRO TULL

SATURDAY JULY 5 AT 2 P.M.
GARY BURTON QUARTET
MILES DAVIS QUINTET
JOHN MAYALL
MOTHERS OF INVENTION
NEWPORT ALL STARS with
Red Norvo, Tal Farlow, Ruby Braff,
George Wein, Don Lamond, and
Larry Ridley

SATURDAY JULY 5 AT 8 P.M.
ART BLAKEY QUINTET
DAVE BRUBECK TRIO
WITH GERRY MULLIGAN
STEPHANE GRAPELLI
THE SAVAGE ROSE
SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE
O.C. SMITH
WORLD'S GREATEST JAZZ BAND
With Maxine Sullivan

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AN ORATORIO BY DAVE BRUBECK
Erich Kunzel, Conductor
Dave Brubeck Trio
Robert Hale, Baritone
David Matthews, Organ
Chorus Pro Musica,
Alfred Nash Patterson, Director

SUNDAY JULY 6 AT 2 P.M.
AN AFTERNOON WITH JAMES BROWN

SUNDAY JULY 6 AT 8 P.M.
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NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL, July 3-6, Festival Field, Newport, R.I.
LAUREL POP FESTIVAL, July 11, 12, Laurel Race Course, Laurel, Md.
PHILADELPHIA POP FESTIVAL, July 11, 12, Spectrum, Philadelphia, Pa.
LONGHORN JAZZ FESTIVAL, July 18-20, Dallas, Austin, Houston, Texas
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LAUREL JAZZ FESTIVAL, Aug. 1-3, Laurel Race Course, Laurel, Md.

AMERICAN REVOLUTION 1969



STAN CREIGHTON

The Battle of People's Park

Continued from Page One

In the case of the late James Rector, the man who was shot on a rooftop while he watched the action below on Telegraph Avenue, the buckshot did massive damage to his lower vital organs as it passed all the way up through his body to penetrate his heart. He had undergone surgery at Herrick Memorial Hospital to remove his spleen, a kidney and part of his pancreas. But the three marble-sized shot which tore all the way into his chest cavity killed him.

Jim Rector had been up to Berkeley a few times to help work on the People's Park. He lived in San Jose, 50 miles to the south, but had friends in Berkeley. On Thursday, the day the sheriff's men started blasting away with their shotguns (leaving one onlooker very likely blinded for life and many others wounded—the San Francisco Chronicle carried a photo of an officer firing his shotgun at a young man who is running away with his back turned), Rector, along with many others, had scrambled up to the rooftop to get out of the line of fire and the tear gas.

Someone on another rooftop, two buildings away, had thrown a brick. And all of a sudden, Rector told his mother at the hospital a few hours before his death, he saw an officer with a shotgun

pointed at him. "Jim said," his mother recounts, "that he couldn't believe it was pointed at him. They hadn't done anything, thrown anything—there wasn't anything on the roof to throw. Then he said he heard a fusillade of bullets, turned sideways, and got caught in the back with the slugs."

A friend grabbed him to keep him from falling off the slanted roof. For awhile, according to another person on the same roof, a girl who works as cashier at the Cinema, they were pummed down by tear gas, and unable to carry sheets and blankets out to the wounded man, who was, by this time, bleeding profusely.

Finally, after long minutes, police came up to the roof. They asked what Rector and his friend were doing there. His friend explained they'd just been watching, and that Rector was badly injured and in need of help. The cops departed without either giving any aid or sending for any. Recollections vary, but it took something between 25 minutes and an hour for an ambulance to arrive. And it came from San Leandro, about 25 miles away. When the medics got to Rector he was at zero blood pressure.

The 25-year-old with the Zapata mus-

tache lived through the weekend, recovered enough to talk, then died at 10:25 Monday evening.

At mid-afternoon on Thursday, Governor Ronald Reagan called in 2000 troops of the National Guard, and as police squad cars smoldered (having earlier been torched) and the cry of "We want the park! We want the park!" filled the air, they advanced in their flak suits to sweep the parks, bayonets fixed. The early evening stung with shots and shouts, sirens, shattering glass, and, against this rising crescendo, the cries of the injured, 25 police among them.

Everything was perfectly staged for violence and turmoil and there was plenty of it. There were random clubbings by police throughout Friday as the demonstrators regrouped. A bit of light comedy on Saturday when a dozen National Guardsmen began wandering around and acting funny. A Guard medic discovered all of them had accepted oranges or brownies or both from hippie chicks and deduced that they had been shipped some acid. Sunday was the occasion for a free-form march through the city—with a neat surrealistic touch: the marchers planted plants and flowers along the line of march and the cop, who followed along

behind, pulled up the plants, confiscating them. For what use?

But Tuesday was, in some ways, the most frightening of all, at least in its implications. Three thousand pro-Park demonstrators held a memorial march for James Rector. At 2:00 in the afternoon of a clear, warm, bright Berkeley day, some 700 stragglers had been surrounded in a tight ring on Sproul Plaza by Guardsmen.

From the second-floor balcony of the Student Union came a garbled bullhorn message from a campus cop. "Chemical agents are about to be dropped. I request that you leave the plaza."

With that, all the cops and deputies and Guardsmen put on their gas masks. Then came the whack and whine and whir of a hulking brown Sikorsky helicopter carrying a bellyful of National Guard tear gas. It came low over the treetops, no more than 200 feet, laying down a veil of white, powdery vapor for 500 yards before it got to Sproul Plaza. Brigadier General Bernard Narre, the field commander at the scene and who called in the helicopter attack, later said "It was a Godsend that it was done at that time."

—Continued on Page 26

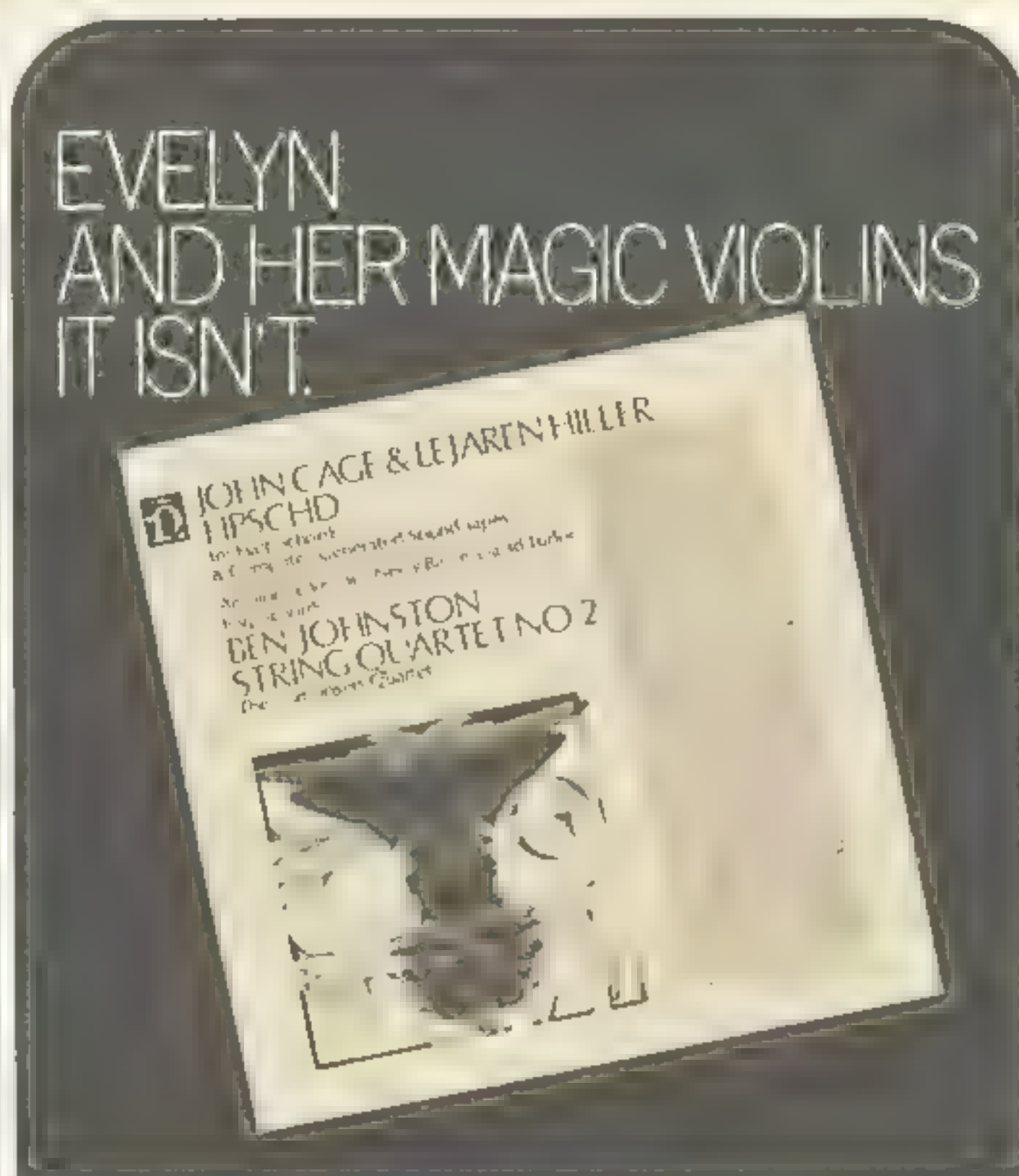
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JIM
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A phono-montage of harpsichord and computer-generated tape, supplied with KNOBS, a computer print-out which gives optional play-back settings (at 5-second intervals for 21 minutes) for your equipment. "It's the first instance I know of," says Hiller, "where the home listener's hi-fi set is integral to the composition."

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—Continued from Page 24

From three sides, the lawmen and Guardsmen pitched tear gas into the crowd of demonstrators, who ran in all directions, screaming and shouting, trying to escape the biting, nauseating fumes. But there was no way out. Guardsmen had encircled the immediate area, and prevented demonstrators from getting out with the threat of their bayonets.

The light wind whipped the tear gas all over the campus and surrounding neighborhood. Students rushed out of classrooms and housewives out of their homes in a radius far from Sproul Plaza. A school picnic in Strawberry Canyon, some 40 or 50 kids enjoying the outdoors, turning to squawling, panicky chaos. The gas even seeped into Cowell Hospital, upsetting operations there, rendering nurses useless as patients gasped for breath and cried out. Said the manager of the hospital: "I protest that this is not what tear gas is for."

All tear gas is dangerous. There is no antidote to tear gas and there have been no studies that really explain how it works. The April issue of *Today's Health*, a widely respected medical journal, tells how even mild exposure to tear gas has destroyed human eyes—though law enforcement officials always ridicule these reports. *Today's Health* is very explicit about 13 different people who had a total of 14 eyes removed following tear gas deterioration.

And, while the National Guard maintains it was using only standard tear gas, there have been reports (unconfirmed) that both vomit gas and blister gas may have been employed. The Medical Committee for Human Rights held a press conference at the Free Church to suggest this. They called it chemical warfare and said that besides regular tear gas and its tougher relative (CN), they had seen and heard of symptoms beyond these.

There had been reports, for one thing, of projectile vomiting, which, at its worst, can mean your stomach is ripped

—Continued on Page 28



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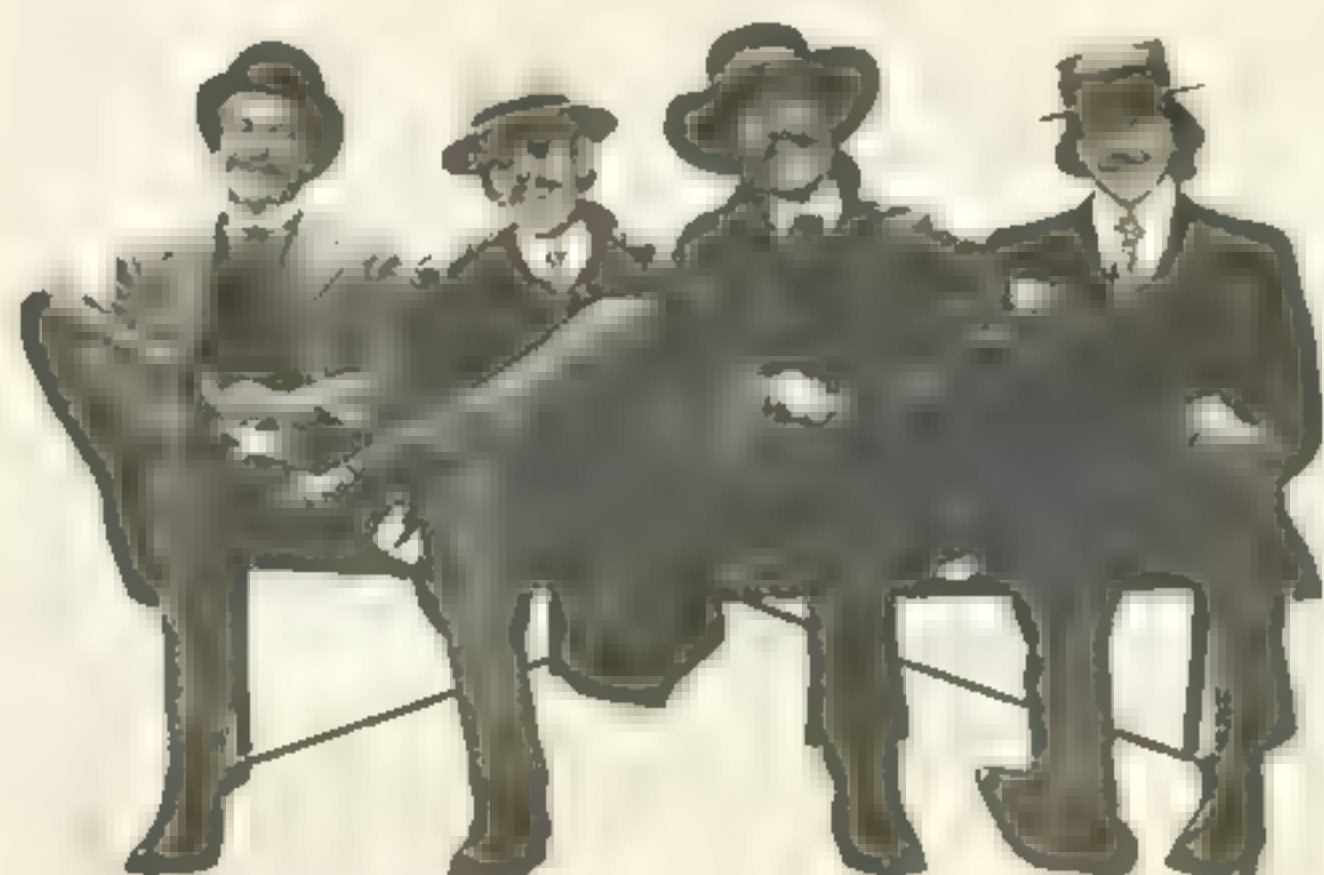
Eyewitness account of a Berkeley shooting:

A group of four, five or six police in the middle of the block raised their guns to shoot. James Rector saw the policemen aiming at his face. He turned his back and began to run. He was too late. Myself and two other guys lifted his legs so the blood would flow to his head; we positioned him more comfortably and told him to breathe deeply and evenly. It was a near thing: according to the doctor when he reached the hospital, Rector's blood pressure was zero. Desperate, we shouted down at the Avenue. "There's a man shot up here! Get an ambulance!" The cop slowly climbed the stairs to the roof, looked at Rector . . . refused to lend Rector a gas mask, and left.

In photo, the fatally wounded James Rector lies on rooftop at upper right.



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THEIR NAME IS DECEIVING

This is the age of the Freak Out Name. Like Maybe the Boisenberry Conspiracy Or Jason and the Golden Fleece. Or the Salt of the Earth. Or maybe something startlingly simple like The What

So how does a group called the Charlatans come by this kind of scene

Charlatan Synonymized in Roget's Thesaurus as Rogue or Deceiver. But the only thing deceiving about the Charlatans is their name. Of course, you wouldn't know that unless you were from San Francisco, where the Charlatans started it all. Going places nobody'd ever been to before. And staying in musically uncharted frontiers through the years

So now, finally, they've cut their first album with a name like Charlatans hanging them up. But the only people they'll be cheating are those who don't listen to the album. What those people will miss is an endlessly mixed bag of sounds that makes other groups sound monotonous

Creatively, these are super groovy artists of the first order. Technically, these are musicians of an old order, i.e. disciplined. Their unwieldy name doesn't say so. But their album does

THE CHARLATANS

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A very young woman comes on the scene blasting us with songs of love, freedom and change, and you call that new?



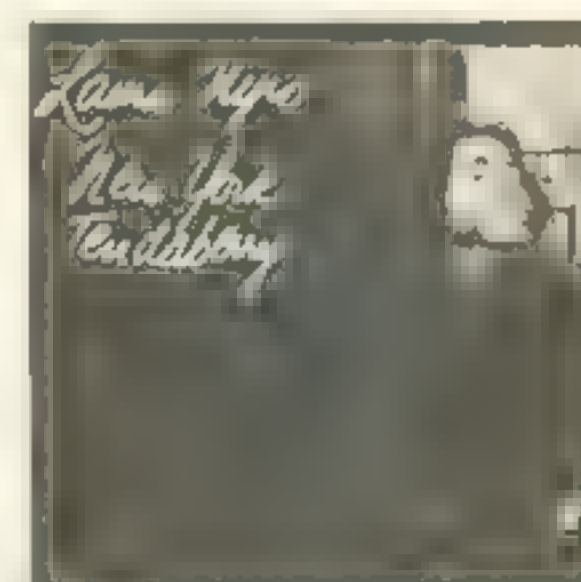
Were we to call Laura Nyro (the very young woman) a bright new talent, it wouldn't mean a thing. Call her talent phenomenally original, and it puts her way out in front. And that's exactly where she's at. Laura writes, sings, arranges and lives every poetic, swinging sound she makes.

Peter Johnson/FM Stereo Guide has said, "If she were willing to confine her talent to one direction, she could ... paralyze any other female vocalist with envy."



CS 9626*1

Her first Columbia album, *Eli and the Thirteenth Confession*, makes that statement fact. In it, Laura turns you on to her passion experiences with drugs, loves, devils and picnics. N.Y. Free Press said: "Every song is twisted, teased, pulled out from a gut level emotion that springs from every line."



CS 9737*

Then a couple of heavy groups came along and made you listen even harder to her brand of truth. Now she's about to fill you with more Laura Nyro experiences—experienced in New York on her second album *New York Tendaberry*. Maybe you're into one cut from the album already—"Save the Country." It's just a taste of what's to come in an album that promises to be her best yet. Wait for it.

Laura Nyro is a very young woman, but her sound is surely gospel.

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Laura Nyro will be appearing at the Troubadour May 28-June 1.

*Available in 8-track stereo tape cartridge and 4-track reel-to-reel tape
†Available in 4-track stereo tape cartridge



JOHANNES BESSERAT

loose from its moorings and vomited up. It also causes severe and immediate diarrhea, with the further danger of shutting out your intestines. And there is the added danger, with projectile vomiting of suffocating.

On the day of the attack from the sky, Governor Reagan chose to do some tough talking. He called the building of People's Park "a deliberate and planned attempt at confrontation," and defended the use of birdshot to repel it. He didn't say anything about buckshot, but he did say that cops had to fight back against the "well-armed mass of people who had stockpiled all kinds of weapons and missiles." There was no mention of it in his speech, but four tanks out of the National Guard arsenal stand ready to do combat at the Berkeley Marina, where the troops he called out are quartered.

But this is no assurance there won't be any sniping. Defending the deputies' use of shotguns, Berkeley city councilman John DeBonis, a reactionary of considerable repute locally, said: "If I had a gun and I was cornered, I'd use it." His is an argument some street people may find irresistible.

And so for days the helicopters have roared overhead, looking for trouble, leaning into endless turns, rotors thumping the spring air with a high whistle. By evening, Guardsmen cluster at street corners, reading, smoking, hefting rifles

from shoulder to shoulder. It's impossible to find out the total number of enforcers—troops, cops, deputies, highway patrol. "We don't," chuckles Reagan's press aide Paul Beck, "want to give our troop strength away to the enemy."

Berkeley has always been the enemy to Reagan. He holds the opportunity to make it the first permanently occupied college town in the country and may prove loath to let it slip away from him.

Similarly, it's a round robin goose chase trying to find out who authorized the shooting. The police say it was up to the sheriff. Sheriff's office says they came in at the request of the cops. You ask a cop or a deputy who said they could shoot. "Ask at headquarters." At headquarters they tell you to check with the field commanders. Who in turn tell you to check with the guys at headquarters. You explain that you already have. "Well, then," says the grinning deputy, his badge out of sight, "move on, pal, you better move on."

The administration at Berkeley has been all but silent throughout the battle, perhaps cowed by Reagan. There have been a couple of statements, and a few appearances. But all that it comes to can be summed up in a few words. Vice Chancellor Earl Cheat told a TV interviewer: "If I'd known we were going to get into guns, we'd never have

gotten into this."

Chancellor Roger Heyns issued a statement to the effect that the time had come (on Tuesday, the day of the helicopter attack) to reason together to find alternatives to violence. But he proposed none.

One justification used by the authorities was that People's Park had been a noisy bother to nearby residents. In the words of Charles Glasshauser, a Berkeley resident who lives less than a block from the Park:

"I had seen the site grow from a vast mudhole parking lot into a place for people. Now I see it surrounded by a fence, by police using guns, by soldiers equipped for war. What possible justification can the University offer? It must hold itself responsible for the violent actions of previously nonviolent students. It must hold itself responsible for the conduct of policemen who fired into crowds of people."

Some 200 faculty members have agreed to stop teaching. But—sadly—there has been not a word from the Academic Senate. There seems to be a feeling that it's not worth protesting; it won't do any good and may just aggravate matters.

University Regent Fred Dutton, one of the pre-Reagan liberals on the board, calls the Berkeley situation the "most fascistic" he has seen in this country, including Chicago at the time of the

Democratic Party convention. And Dutton, is no raving radical. Just a plain liberal. "Students," Dutton notes, "were planting flowers in the first place, and in the long run of history, I would have to say that flowers beat fences. And that young men beat old men every time."

How is it possible that a flower, a bush, a swing, a tree, a new park—no matter who owns it—could possibly damage anything or anybody? To build something on another man's land—can this be so vile an act that people must be gassed and shot and banded and killed in consequence?

The deep thrum of the helicopters, their whirling roar continues over the occupied city, driving everybody to the brink of distraction beyond. There is this temptation to shoot one down. You hear of the temptation from several people, from street people to straight businessmen who are joking, sort of.

"Why don't you just do it? Just get a .22 rifle and do it?"

"I'm not a violent man. I really don't believe in—you know."

"It's tempting, though."

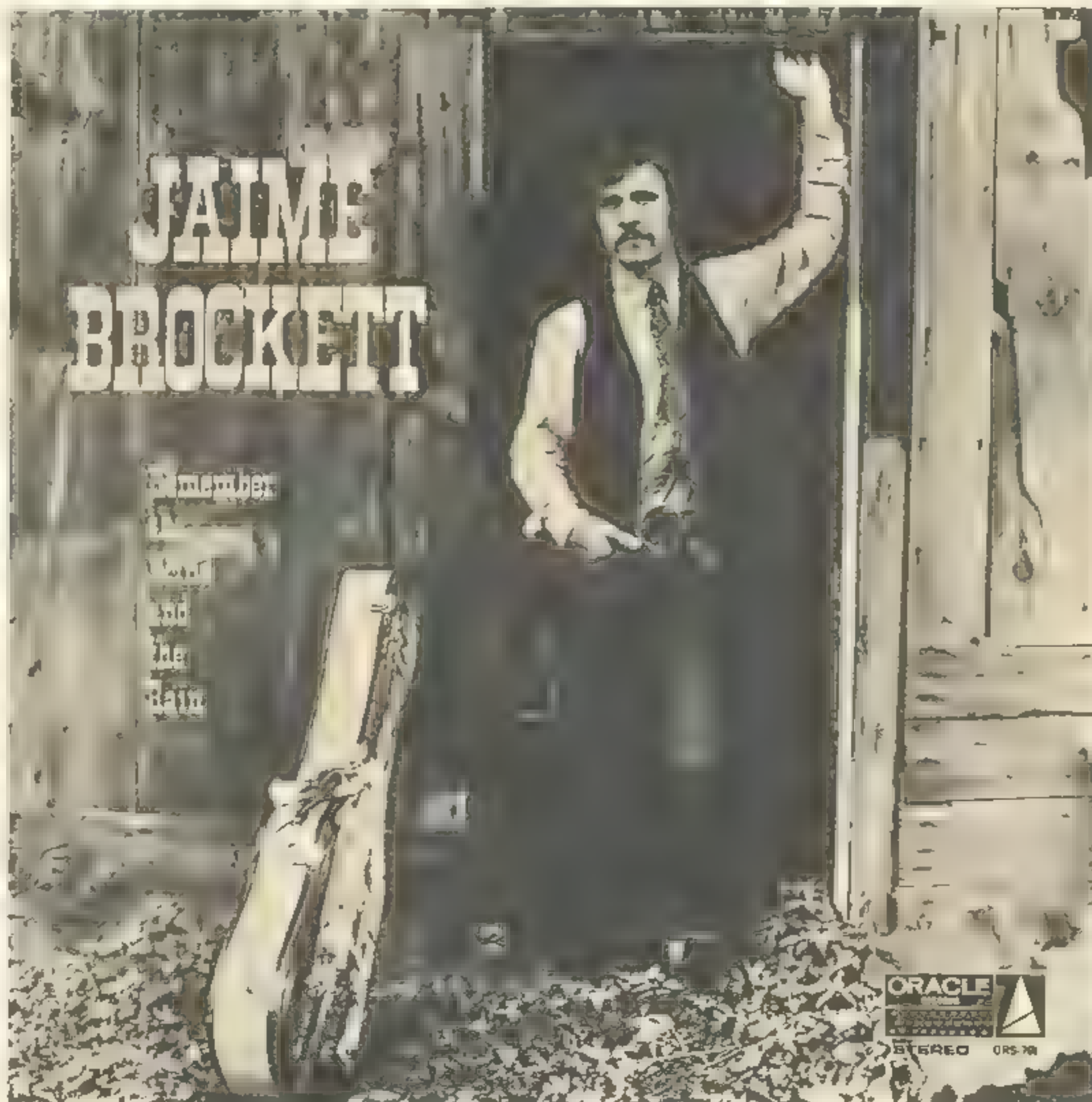
"Well, it would take a thirty-eight-six to do the job anyway."

And the Daily Californian, the student newspaper, editorially toward the end of the week: "We will have that park. And we will have it or lose the university."



Deputy, at right, levels shotgun to blast fleeing student, left, in back

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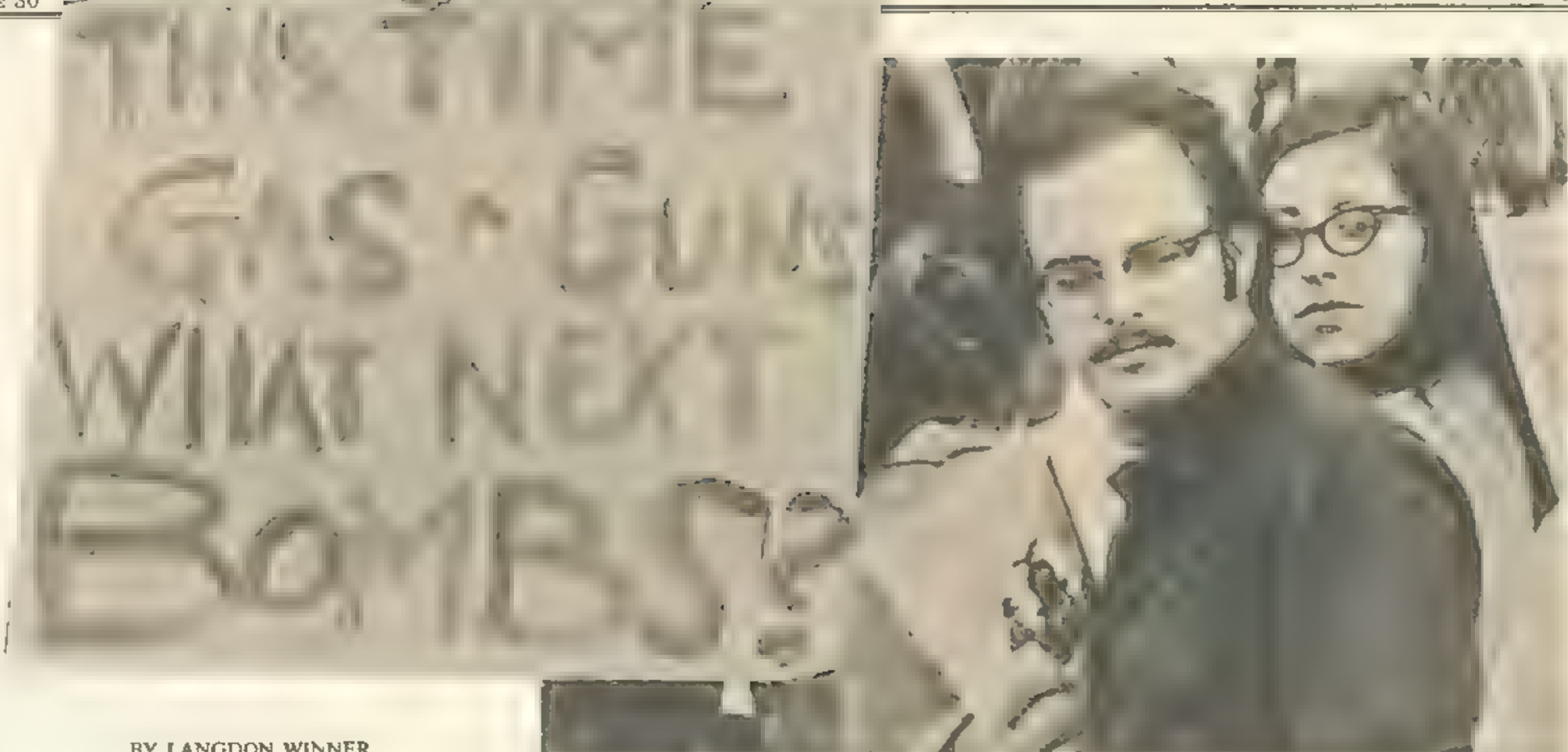
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JOHANNES BESSERAT

BY LANGDON WINNER

"We are committed to stand with the poor and alienated who are trying to create a new world on the vacant lots of the old"

—Rev. Richard York of the Berkeley Free Church
"The property belongs to the Regents of the University of California and will not be available to unauthorized persons."

—U.C. Chancellor Roger Heyns

In Berkeley last week a long-feared nightmare suddenly achieved reality. The Machine became a weapon. Bureaucracy, bulldozers and shotguns merged in efficient unity and struck forth with insane viciousness. When the tear gas had cleared and the Machine had done its work, a sturdy chain link fence enclosed a piece of land which had once been the People's Park. In the action 47 students and street people were arrested. Over 100 were injured, at least 35 of these with gunshot wounds. Three persons lay in hospitals near death; one died. Helicopters patrolled the city; armed with tear gas. Two thousand National Guard troops marched the streets with fixed bayonets.

Although this story is far from over, the following facts should indicate how far the times have taken us.

The People's Park became an issue here in early April when several residents of the south campus area decided that an ugly 3/4-block vacant field then being used as a parking lot could be developed into a park for the benefit of the whole community. In a section of town in which open space is virtually non-existent, the need for such a park had long been evident. The plan now was simply to move into the muddy lot, work together on Sunday afternoons and transform the land into a People's Park with green grass, play equipment, a fishpond, and picnic tables.

For five weeks that idea worked perfectly. Hundreds of students, street people and straight people joined together in the warm sun to hoe the earth and lay down new sod. There were no blueprints and no managers. People worked spontaneously on whatever they pleased. Nearby Telegraph Avenue merchants made generous donations to help cover the costs of the enterprise. As the weeks went by the ugly piece of property was transformed into a quaint but beautiful gathering place for several generations of Berkeleyans.

Unfortunately for the people, the vacant lot has an obtuse and angry landlord. The University of California owns the property having paid 1.3 million dollars for it several months ago. It was not happy with the park.

The University's objections to the project are not based on a better alternative idea. The Regents' position is, "We own it. Get out!" Over the last decade U.C. officials had considered building dormitories, apartments, playing fields and God knows what else on the land, but had never made up their minds. For a while the dormitory idea seemed best. Then a professor in the College of Environmental Design did a study which pointed out that the only thing which distinguished existing dormitories from prisons was that the dorms were named after famous alumni. The idea was dropped. At the time the people moved into the park the University had not announced definite plans for the area. The land had sat vacant for nearly a year.

With the coming of the park, however, the University suddenly took interest. As the soil blossomed with flowers, Chancellor Roger Heyns and his assistants blossomed with rhetoric which seem to have been taken directly from *Dr. Strangelove* and *Catch-22*. Responding to "an important campus need," the Chancellor announced that he had decided to build a soccer field to accommodate "the many thousands of students who will be attending this University in the years to come." Vice Chancellor Earl Cheit defended this plan in terms of U.S.'s need to retain its prestige among the other large Universities of the land. Thanking the builders of the park for temporarily improving the Regents' property, Cheit cited a study which showed that Berkeley had slipped drastically in the intercollegiate playground ratings. "The University ranks last in soccer fields," he announced with a dramatic flare. At a campus in which

students and faculty have long learned that the Chancellor's Office is a wellspring of lies and cynicism, the announcements were greeted with amused disbelief. But there was nothing to be amused about.

At 3:00 in the morning of May 15th the fence builders arrived accompanied by 300 police in bullet-proof vests and full battle array. Working with amazing speed the fence company dug holes, laid cement and put up a cyclone fence around the park. By 10:00 the job was done. Students and street people looked on in sorrow at the spectacular display of engineering as police helicopters whirled overhead. Chancellor Heyns, who had broken his promise not to begin the fence in the dead of night, had conveniently left town.

At noon of the same day a rally was held on the U.C. campus three blocks north of Peoples' Park. An anxious crowd of 6,000 persons listened to student and faculty speakers decry the Chancellor's action. "The Park was a little island of peace and hope in a world made filthy and hopeless by war and injustice," declared poet Denise Levertov of the English Department. An atmosphere of dismay and solemn anger hung in the air. After half of the scheduled hour of speech-making the crowd would wait no longer. At the conclusion of a talk by the student body President-elect most of the people present spontaneously turned and walked down Telegraph Avenue to "take back the park."

The four hour battle which followed is difficult to describe and even more difficult to believe. In many ways it followed the pattern of street fighting and police violence which has now become the American tradition—rock throwing on both sides, tear gas canisters thrown back and forth, pepper-fog machines carried by National Guardsmen befouling the air with a choking mist, police beating victims at random, scattered arrests, and both sides exhilarated by the action. What was new about the Battle of Peoples' Park was that for the first time in recent history the police gunned down white students in the streets. Shotguns loaded with buckshot, birdshot and rocksalt were fired into crowds leaving dozens of blood covered bodies lying in wait for overloaded ambulances. Late in the afternoon Berkeley hospitals were filled with injured victims of the melee and called for medical help from other cities. One of these human targets died.

No one is yet certain exactly who gave the orders to shoot. It is certain, nevertheless, that the crowd of demonstrators had no warning that such means were to be used against them. Sheriff Frank Madigan of Alameda County offered the following rationale for the slaughter. "I have reason to believe," he said, "that the radicals have developed an antidote for tear gas." Hence the shotguns were necessary.

But aside from the wet handkerchiefs which tear gas victims held over their faces, there were not such antidotes in evidence. It seems instead that the police had grown frustrated by the fact that their methods have not quelled protests in Berkeley, Chicago or anywhere else. The turmoil in America has not declined as repressive technology has increased. The cops apparently felt that since their heralded gas and gadgets have not worked, it was time to get back to the fundamentals—good old fashioned killing.

Was there provocation on both sides? It is true that all parties on the streets were looking for a fight? These questions must be asked.

With regard to the students and street people the matter of confrontation with the cops was an ever-conscious possibility. It was certainly not (as Ronald Reagan believes) the concealed goal of the park development. The park was a beautiful issue not because it promised a chance to begin the street fighting again. It was beautiful because it gave segments of the Berkeley community of widely separated ideologies the opportunity to work together on a project which transcended their hoary old doctrinal conflicts. When one has a rake in his hand and sweat on his brow it makes little difference whether he is a Trotskyist or follower of Eugene McCarthy. Certainly there were some who saw this as merely the next

stage in an ongoing revolutionary struggle. For most of the persons who actually worked the land, however, the idea was (1) that people could work together to create something beautiful out of something ugly, and (2) that the decision on how the land should be used was rightfully a choice for the community rather than for an insensitive University Machine. As architect Allan Temko pointed out, the project was an experiment in environmental aesthetics and democratic participation.

The role of the University, police and Governor in all of this is of a peculiar sort. As parts of the Machine they were programmed for violence. When did the authorities call the cops for the May 15th confrontation? In early February. Although this may seem strange, the fact of the matter is that the City of Berkeley has remained under Governor Reagan's proclamation of a "State of Emergency" for the last four months. Originally a response to the Third World student strike of the winter quarter, the proclamation has remained in effect despite the fact that for the last eight weeks of the period there had been nothing like a demonstration in Berkeley.

In effect this means that the legal definition of Berkeley's normal condition is *turmoil*. At the slightest sign of controversy the authorities are entitled to call massive groups of police and to suspend the right of public meetings. In this instance all that Chancellor Heyns had to do was decide to build a fence. Three hundred cops showed up automatically.

When I asked the Governor's press secretary why such repressive measures remained in effect in times of peace, he responded that it was in order to give "law enforcement" the efficient tools to do its job. When I pointed out to him that this was less "efficient" if one was thinking of his rights and liberties under the First Amendment, the secretary responded that "the people," through the Governor, "had spoken."

The frightening thing is that I suppose he was right. The proclamation which brought the shooting of dozens of young Berkeleyans is something which both the Governor and the public apparently wish to make permanent. While allegedly a means of restoring "law and order," the State of Emergency was in fact a self-fulfilling prophecy of violence. When the violence returned it was met with wide applause. At this writing, four days have passed since the shooting took place. No public group (including the U.C. faculty) has bothered to suggest that the use of guns in crowd control was anything other than good sound practice.

On the morning following the Thursday riot I walked with several friends through the streets which had contained the battle. Almost simultaneously each of us recalled the words of a Bob Dylan song: "The National Guard hangs 'round the door/I ain't gonna work on Maggie's Farm no more." Indeed, the National Guard did hang around each door on Telegraph Avenue. Young men with army uniforms, sideburns, mustaches, and M-1's stood joking with passersby, hawking the chicks and "preventing anarchy." As I looked into their faces I was not certain whether I was seeing Nuremberg 1936 or the Monterey Pop Festival 1967.

The troops still occupy Berkeley, herding the demonstrators back and forth through the streets with fixed bayonets. It is now virtually certain that the University's vacant lot will never become a People's Park. Somewhere, someone has decided that the piece of land will be a graveyard before it is a park—a graveyard for many of the ideals of this generation and possibly for the bodies of those who believed that a simple dream could be made real.

Langdon Winner is a student at Berkeley. He is also a pianist with experience divided about equally between rock and roll and jazz gigs. He was among the coalition of street people and students who built People's Park, and has been a first-hand observer of all that has gone down since the state shut down the park and turned on the tear gas and riflery.

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TWO MEN IS ONE

INSTALLMENT
THREE

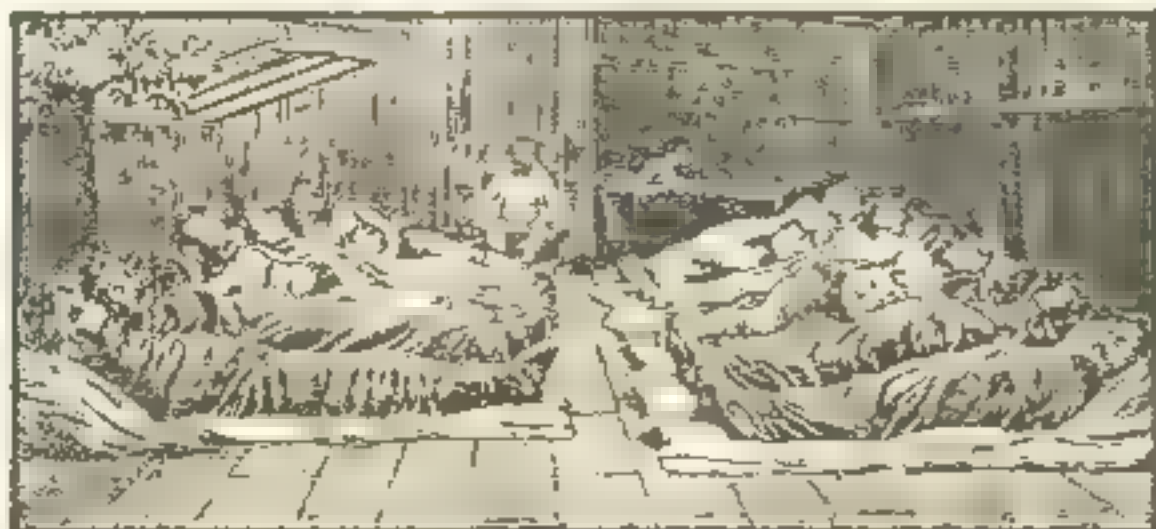
FUZZ AGAINST JUNK

THE SAGA OF THE NARCOTICS BRIGADE

BY
AKBAR DEL PIOMBO



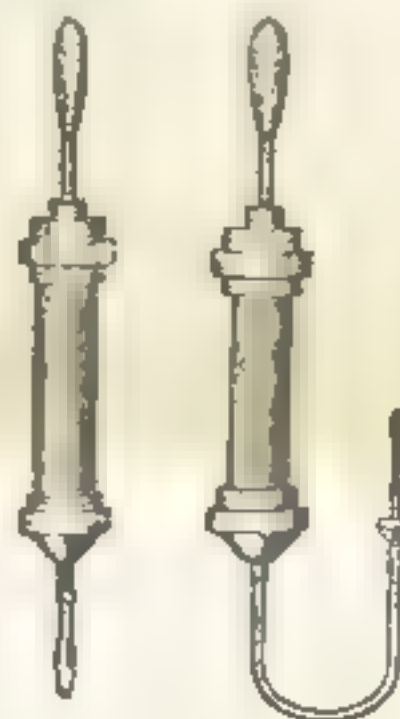
REHASH: In the wake of an outbreak of crime traced to dope usage, the N.Y.P.D. has summoned help from the British super-sleuth Sir Edwin Fuzz. In the last issue we left Sir Edwin in a projection room undergoing rapid briefing.



Morality slide comparing physical condition of "junkies" (left) with vigorous life led by New York detectives (right) shown exercising in preparation for a raid on just such an establishment of degeneration.



Orthodox needle.



Needle devised for attaining spinal section easily.

Fig. 1



Fig. 1 shows a curiously ingenious method of injecting Heroin in the milder drug called Marijuana or "pot" in the parlance of the "muheu." The instrument in fig. 2, which resembles a salt cellar, is in reality a simple Opium vial in disguise. The criminals no doubt banked on its harmless aspect to allow for easy smuggling. Both these items were gleaned in a raid which took place in San Francisco . . . but that is getting ahead of the story.

Fig. 2



Fig. 5

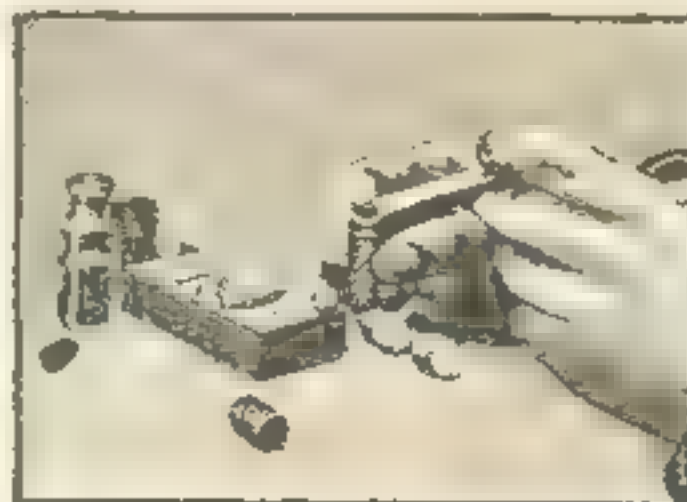


Fig. 4

Fig. 3 shows a captured Marijuana cigarette; fig. 4 another system of doping this drug with Heroin. Fig. 5 shows an almost waterproof match-carrying device for igniting "vipers" (criminal term for "pot" cigarettes).

Fig. 3



"Stoned."

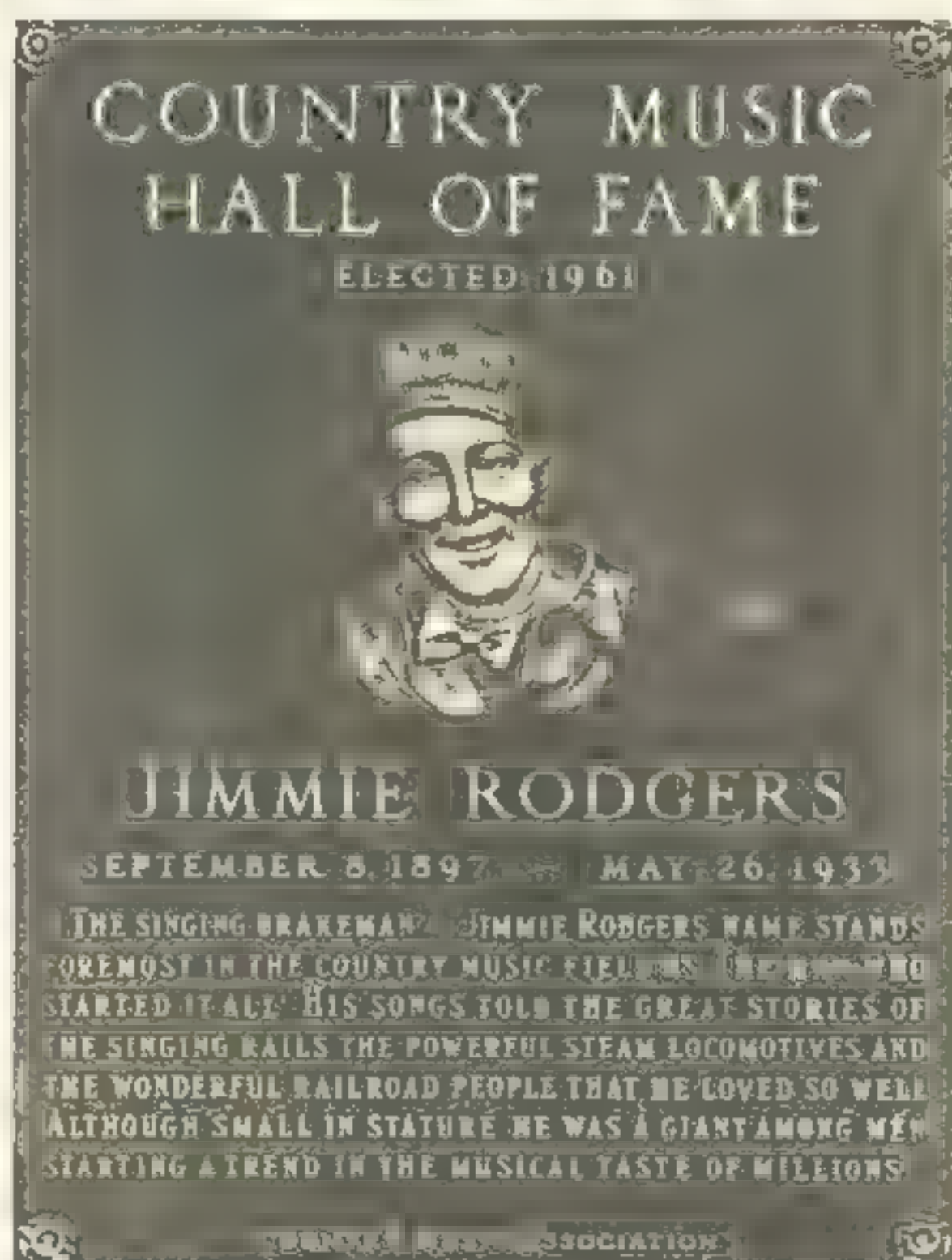
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Merle: Same train, a different time



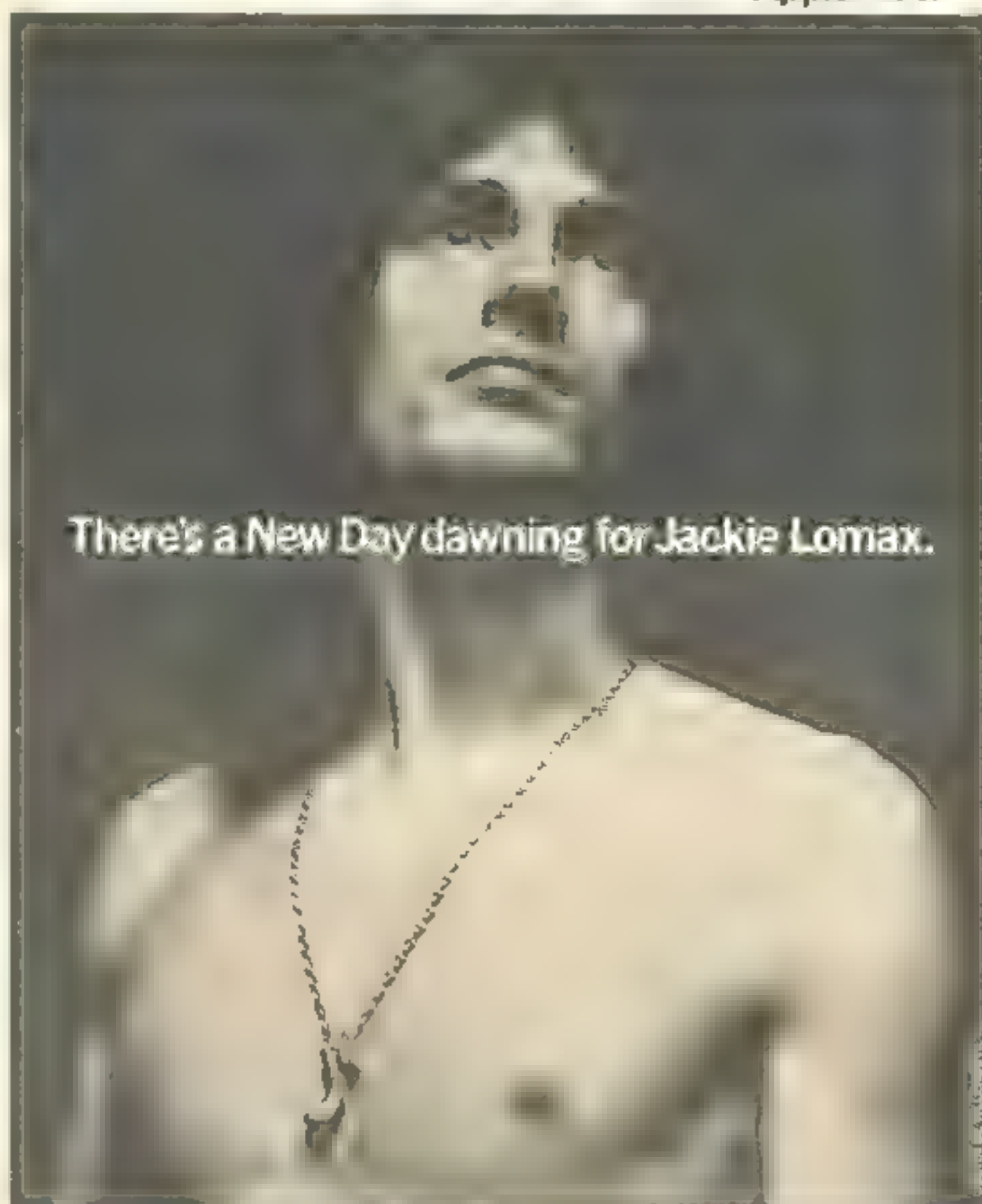
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The Kinks Are the Village Green Preservation Society (Warners-Reprise RS 6327)

BY PAUL WILLIAMS

I certainly love the Kinks; it's been fifteen months since I've had a new Kinks album in my house, and though I've been listening to them I've missed that pleasure. Bob played *The Village Green Preservation Society* for me when he bought a British copy, about a month ago, and I've played it twice since it arrived here this afternoon, and already the songs are slipping into my mind, each new hearing is a combined joy of renewal and discovery. Such a joy, to make new friends! And each and every song Ray Davies has written is a different friend to me.

Ray makes statements, he says the sort of stuff that makes you delighted just to know that someone would say stuff like that. "As long as I gaze on Waterloo Sunset I won't feel afraid." "I'll remember everything you said to me." "There's too much on my mind, and I can't sleep at night thinking about it." "There's a crack up in the ceiling." "I'm not content to be with you in the daytime." "The world keeps going 'round." "I'm on an island." "You just can't stop it, the world keeps going round."

Oh, wonderful Kinks. They remind me of Erik Satie. "We are the Village Green Preservation Society." The vocal is under-recorded, so you turn up the volume. The bass and drums sound so easy and sure. Everyone's determined, no one's in a hurry. "What more can we do?" Such very fine vocals. The tune, the rhythm, are more of a delight with each verse. Dave Davies' lead lines are never wasted. It would be unbearable that the song's over, but here's another. "Walter, isn't it a shame our little world has changed?" Now why is it Ray's songs always sound like something else, a different something else with each song and sometimes with each hearing? Sure, he's the world's master plagiarist, but it's more than that. It's more a feeling that it's all part of the same thing, it's all music and isn't it nice to run a cross this melody again? And it is, it's never a repetition, it's always some sort of opening. Ray Davies makes

you realize how much there is all around us, waiting to be explored and explored again. Boredom? Every place you've been is a new frontier, now that you're someone different.

It doesn't matter what I say, I'm just happy to be writing about my boys. Ray, Dave, Pete and Mick: I've bought their every album as it's been released, and that's four years now and ten albums, every one satisfactory and worth far more than double your money back. "I'm the last of the steam-powered trains." The song is completely itself, but you can't overlook even on the first hearing the fact that it's Howling Wolf's "Smokestack Lightning." And that makes me smile, good old Kinks, finally recording "Smokestack Lightning," and a good job of it too. A little fancy kineticism in the break, harmonica and bass and lead buildup, just so you know all the old tricks are as relevant to their music as any new tricks they might enjoy could be. They even throw on a "Til the End of the Day" ending, and that's not the second time they've done that. Might be the fifth.

Each Kinks song a friend. I really mean that. I can be in my bed thinking about "Love Me Till the Sun Shines," and I wonder when I'll hear it again, happy at the thought of its existence. Hearing "Big Sky" on this new album, I know we'll get along just fine. "I think of the big sky and nothing matters much to me." This is true, an experience I've shared. "Big sky's too big to sympathize, big sky's too occupied, though he would like to try." What a fine modification of Stephen Crane. And who but Ray Davies would share my interest in the theme of "The Open Boat?"

You can dance to the Kinks. Move your arms up and down as you walk across the room to get a glass of water. Bob your head. Get up and thumba. I don't know what a thumba is, but it sounds right, and you know that's all that matters.

Ten albums. Have you ever listened to *The Live Kinks*? It's almost musique concrete. Never has an audience so unselfconsciously part of the experience. Maybe because nothing could come off of a Kinks record that wasn't part of their unique world-system, or maybe

there's some sort of real bond between kinks-lovers the world over. I mean it's not just some rock group. It's more like a taste for fine wines from a certain valley, a devotion to a particular breed of cocker spaniel. How many people are there who would feel good to know that "Waterloo Sunset" is Terry and Julie are Terrence Stamp and Julie Christie—that is, they inspired the names, by appearing together in *Far from the Madding Crowd*? How many would understand not feeling afraid, as long as you gaze on that sunset? We're a select few, no doubt, so we may as well love each other and stick together.

This Kinks-love is, I think, something that can be consciously related to the sense of nostalgia, which in turn is something that has less to do with time and things past, and more to do with texture. Texture is sensuous; if style is how you do it, texture is the way you make it feel. Ray Davies' voice, with Dave Davies' guitar just behind it, not only feels a certain way regardless of what it's doing, it also establishes for you a certain relationship to things, which is maybe one reason why *deja vu* is such a large part of the Kinks listening experience. It's not that you heard this before, necessarily, but that you felt this way about something before, the common denominator is that the relationship between A and B is the same as the relationship, with which you're more familiar, between D and F. Looking at a little Maurice Sendak kid looking at a Wild Thing, you identify, not because you felt just that way when you last saw a Wild Thing, but because you know that exact feeling, you felt just that way when you last saw . . . Whatever it was, Maurice Sendak (or Ray Davies) couldn't possibly know about it. But you two, artist and audience, still share something, a great deal in fact. The texture of that moment. Doesn't it feel good?

Nostalgia is the recapturing of a certain feeling you once had before. How else classify a feeling, save through personal past experience? Ray Davies' songs have a second-order relationship with the way people feel, not necessarily joy but the reaction to joy, if you follow me. Ray's vignettes are wry, ironic—and

one suspects it's not just that he's capable of a certain detachment, but also that he can't escape that detachment, it's the way he's always known things are. "People take pictures of each other, just to prove that they really existed." Can you reach through that to a certain sincere sadness? and further through to that most tenuous necessity, affirmation? It is, after all, kind of nice that we're really here.

And when texture is beautiful, as it always is with Maurice Sendak, as it is in the gatefold photo of the Kinks on this new album, as of course it is in all (even despairing) Kinks-music, it's an affirmation in itself, just for things to feel this fine is enough for now. "Sunny Afternoon" is the song Ray wrote after or maybe during his famous breakdown. It may be one of the songs of the century. Doing nothing, feeling like nothing or worse, you still feel like this song ("The taxman's taken all my dough/ And left me in my stately home/Lazing on a sunny afternoon/And I can't sail my yacht/He's taken everything I've got/All I've got this sunny afternoon") and it's one of the highest feelings man has yet recorded in art. Maybe just because it's so real. Or maybe something more than that. ("Help me, help me, help me/Sail away/Give me two good reasons/Why I ought to stay/Cause I love to live so pleasantly/Live this life of luxury/Lazing on a sunny afternoon.") It's so far down, and raises me so far up. ("In the summer time . . .") Surely, this is greatness.

I'm frustrated now. I was okay, trying to make you feel how good the Kinks make me feel, but I can't pass on greatness. I can't sit here and come up with phrases to argue genius, I can only shout, as modestly as possible, about how deeply I'm affected. I'm thinking, only genius could hit me so directly, destroy me and rebuild so completely, but that's ontology, proving has nothing to do with making you believe I've never had much luck turning people on to the Kinks. I can only hope you're onto them already.

If you are, brother, I love you. We've got to stick together.

Paul Williams is the former editor of *Crawdaddy!* This is a guest review.



Freddie King Is A Blues Master (Columbia 9004)

While Freddie King has recorded fairly extensively over the years (mainly for the Cincinnati-based King label), he has not allowed his abilities to deteriorate nor the excitement of his music to diminish one bit. This recent album, his first for Atlantic Columbia label, demonstrates that he's still one of the leading contenders for the mantle of his teacher, B. B. King, daddy of the modern blues style that is the basis of Freddie's—and Albert King's, Albert Collins', Magic Sam's, et al—approach.

In person, Freddie tends to gear up immediately to a very high pitch of excitement, very intense and frenzied, which he is enabled to sustain thanks to his great facility (and he can play as fast and clean as anyone around). On record, however, he adopts a much more economical approach. Realizing that recording is a different medium than live-performing, he eschews those blistering torrents of notes and concentrates on making each note count, generally playing with great taste and restraint. That's one of the things in fact, that makes this LP so satisfying—that and King Curtis' sensitive production job, which is absolutely impeccable.

Curtis has set off Freddie's singing and playing with arrangements that are very spare, that give perfect support, which never obtrude, and which handsomely complement the Texas singer—guitarist's own economy of expression. Curtis does not bombard the listener with a steady barrage of busy rhythms and punching horns instead uses great discretion. Spare and relaxed are the guiding principles here. When the horns are brought into play they are used with directness and simplicity to underscore and emphasize. That is, never gratuitously. Since they are so unobtrusively and knowingly used, they contribute palpably to the album's real sense of excitement and commitment. This album might stand, in fact, as a perfect illustration of how economy can yield a far greater sense of excitement and contrast than can the frenetic busyness that characterizes too many blues releases these days. (Jelly Roll Morton expressed the principle: "You got to be able to come down in order to go up. If a glass of water is full, you can't fill it any more; but if you have a half a glass, you have the opportunity to put more water in it." Amen)

There's not a track on this set that's less than satisfying in one way or another, and several are absolute gems. King's unforced singing has rarely been captured so happily on record before and his playing is nonpareil all the way through. "Play It Cool" is a beautifully hip new song to which Freddie gives a perfect treatment; "Blue Shadows" and "Today I Sing the Blues" are superbly relaxed and very bluesy, and the Ray Charles-flavored "Let Me Down Easy" is a complete success.

Freddie's instrumental skills are showcased extensively on the first five numbers on the album's second side, which leads off with a splendid version of his old and by now-standard "Hideaway." This is, if anything, eclipsed by the next piece, the up-tempo "Funky," which is just that and full of forceful, intense playing. "Hot Tomato" displays Freddie's skills in playing perfectly controlled choked guitar, on which the strings are damped with the palm of the right hand while the notes are struck; the track also boasts a nice organ solo, as well as a tasty electric piano spot leading into a long fade. "Wide Open" is as the title indicates, with Freddie's lean, bluesy lines riding over a horn cushion, and a meaty organ solo ala Jimmy Smith thrown in for good measure, this mood is continued in "Sweet Thing." I should not forget to mention the very groovy "Get Out of

My Life, Woman," which has good singing by King and delicious instrumental colors from the horns and electric piano.

Freddie King Is A Blues Master is a superb album of modern blues I have no hesitation in recommending to anyone who loves direct, honest blues performed with taste, vitality and, above all, imagination. Get this one; you won't be disappointed. PETE WELDING



Running, Jumping, Standing Still, Spider John Koerner & Willie Murphy (Elektra EKS 74041)

Until people hear for themselves just how good this album is, I'm afraid they might think me prejudiced. You see for several years, I was the last part of "Koerner, Ray and Glover," a group of three blues and ragtime freaks from Minnesota who drank a lot, screwed around, and managed to make five or six LPs for Elektra in the days of the folk-boom. Koerner always dug blues, but he played a lot of silly raggy songs as well.

About a year and a half ago, we all sort of drifted off in separate directions; I began studying sitar, Dave Ray began writing and singing ballads and rock with his own band, and John hooked up with a piano and bass maniac named Willie Murphy. We kept in touch with each other, but we just didn't make music together much anymore. John and Willie went to Paxton Lodge on the Feather River in Northern California to make an LP, and here it is.

The opening track, "Red Palace," starts in a revival tone, but turns into a suggestion to "get back the knack of getting out of whack," it's a full blast group number. Willie shows his years of gigging with jazz and RB bands in a long middle break. "Singing and dancing, all night long"—it's a celebration of goofing off in the time-honored fashion. My favorite track would probably be "Bill and Annie," a modern day story of almost lovers, who never quite get together. The chorus could very easily become a catch phrase, and also pretty well destroys any chance of AM airplay; "Don't let the bastards wear you down" John and Willie yell/sing over striding piano, bass, guitar and drum backup.

Willie wrote two of the numbers and sings lead vocal on them; "Old Dog Brown," a nostalgic daydream ostensibly about running around with a dog through country and city scenes, with some jazz-like piano breaks and melancholy vocal harmonies—"why has it been so long?" John and Willie harmonize as it ends. The other song, "Sideslip" is a perfect example of what John and Willie are up to—it contrasts heavy blues with an easy "ta-ta-ta" chorus. "Let your troubles go where the cold winds blow," John sings, and Willie demands "Tell me why everybody's singing some sad song?"

The second side opens with the title song, "Running, Jumping, Standing Still" (named after a Peter Sellers short). Koerner says "it's a sum-up of my life until I got married," and it's full of word play. Not the Lennon-Joyceisms, but funny little rhythms and rhymes; "Just a boy at the age of three, I fell out of my family tree/Lost the keys to life's mystery, and the rest of my life has been a mystery to me." This sort of insanity goes on over a very compelling piano guitar figure that really sticks to your mind—there's a long fade . . . then it returns again with people yelling, blowing whistles and banging things—"a Mexican freak-out" John says, and that's what it sounds like.

"Magazine Lady" will be dug immediately by anybody who ever had a pile of Playboys in his bedroom. "Magazine Lady, I been seein' so much of you lately"—there's some wonderfully shitty Guy Lombardo horn work here. Come to think of it, overall this LP contains some of the funniest instrumental work

I've ever heard, goofy little riffs, pauses and rhythm shifts.

"Don't try to tap your feet," John warned one night when he was opening a Joan Baez concert "You'll get your legs crossed and fall over." In a sense that's true—"I Can't Help Myself" (the story of "one of the nation's major disgraces") has a chorus that starts in 4/4, then two bars of 11/8, straight 3 time, then back to 4/4. But it doesn't throw you, it's all natural music. ("I'm not much of a psychedelic person" John says). The best thing is that all the rhythm shifts and strange chord progressions are done without any of the usual arty-pretentious bullshit ("look how how progressive we are")—instead it's just a good time, and it all flows naturally. TONY GLOVER



Mark Spoelstra (Columbia CS 9793)

This is the first album in quite a spell by Mark Spoelstra who has been a regular on the Northern California folk scene. He has two really early discs on Elektra that are really a different Spoelstra. This Columbia effort focuses mainly on his fine lyrics and succeeds in drowning out his masterful twelve-string with a profundity of extra musicians, though James Burton and Mitch Greenhill are always exciting.

The album as a whole leans heavily toward the ever-expansive country idiom—numerous violin, steel guitar, pedal steel and dobro sounds reverberate throughout. Two cuts, "Hobo Poet" and "Don Juan's Turn to Bow," are the most C&W oriented. Both have that Hank Williams Sr. "Kawliga" sound and the lyrics are wry—in the John D. Loudermilk or Dave Dudley kind of bag. Each opens a side and they do serve well as openers to sides.

"Not So Inclined to be Kind" is a more fragile jack-kniving amalgamation of words and images trapped in their own drama and possessing a firmly folding kind of chorus. The violin/guitar contrasts here are brilliant and sustaining. "Thanks Anyway" sounds auto-biographical and is an occasional poem set to music. Transfiguring steel guitar by Burton and the over-all sound is very Byrds-ish. Surprisingly the four guitars employed here are always together—feeding each other, swirling, crescendoing, then blending into the bass line nicely. The lyrics are moving and seem to dip and stretch into the belly of the dark: "And if you think this wedding ring is symbolizing anything—just take it for the honesty in what we had to do. . . ."

"Sound of the Rainbow" sounds like an early Spoelstra effort in both the imagery ("doves," "one hand clapping," "rainbow") and the melody, which is more free-flowing. The use of a pedal dulcimer on this cut lends an airy, high-celebrated sound to the lyrics which remind one very vividly of his earlier "Five and Twenty Questions"—both songs of pleading and hope. "Meadow Mountain Top" also has this gossamer quality that when you think about it really is the sound of one hand clapping.

In "Song of Sad Bottles" even the theme is country and western. Yet it is well done and sensitive and features brilliant guitar work as two six-strings and Spoelstra's twelve inter-lace and construct patterns that seem to swallow each other, wizardly supporting Spoelstra's languidly curving vocal. There are vivid traces of Dylan's "drinking songs" in the lyrics and chips of the band in the style, especially that smooth drunken piano. "Dim Lights and Bar Flights" is slower and serves as an amplification of the preceding cut. It deals with sorrows "electric and true" and with "musical tears." Sneaky Pete on pedal steel leads the guitars in smooth strokes through the turbid water of Spoelstra's lyric sense—turbid because this is a song of falling apart of shattered glasses and fleshless evenings.

In "Child Statue" it all comes together. This is the most allegorical questioning cut on the album. The lyrics are from the gut: "I had no explanation for the war or the one before, just a kind of emptiness feeling . . ." The vocal is vermilion-edged and hazy.

For Spoelstra devotees this album is a necessity but for those newly interested in Spoelstra hunt up his first Elektra LP *Five and Twenty Questions* and work from there—it's still his best. And that twelve-string is clearer and the lyrics are tighter. GARY VON TERSCH



Wheatfield Soul, the Guess Who (RCA Victor LSP 4141 E)

Despite being from the unheard-from hinterlands of Winnipeg, Manitoba, the Guess Who manages to convey the sense of individuality that has made them one of the top rock bands in Canada in this LP and a current single, "These Eyes," crossing the border into the American hit lists. Though "Wheatfield Soul" as label for a supposedly unique sound is a hype, the Guess Who are getting together.

Their single is distinctive despite being strung out on a collection of songs that could be subtitled Who the Guess Who Listen To. They aren't the Yardbirds, Beatles or Doors, despite any impression they might try to give. They aren't super-anything, aren't progressive to a notable degree or strikingly innovative but they are good.

Material played by the group is all self-written, with guitarist Randy Bachman splitting duties with singer Burton Cummings. However, you wouldn't be sure without checking the label Shadows of bigger groups flicker through most of the songs; one song about a rose, for instance, is almost a direct steal from the Yardbirds' rose of a different color on *Little Games*. Another cut, ten minutes of "Friends of Mine," is son to "The End" by the Doors, a semi-serious parody of all the people currently taking artificial psychoses too seriously. But who is being put on?

Though no one element can be isolated and granted unique function as carrying force for the Guess Who's sound, there is something very personal in the best of their material. The single, "These Eyes," displays the probable formula most clearly, and it comes out Cummings. As much actor as singer, Cummings puts over his songs through exaggeration, whether dwelling on being snotty, threatening, sympathetic or tender.

He does best on snotty and threatening. The singer is a natural for the neo-Morrison school of temperamental manipulation, except that he's been doing his very similar thing since pre-Doors days back home in Winnipeg.

Instrumentally, the Guess Who are so adequate that they're scarcely noticeable as individuals. They do typical nice things with sitars and guitars and drums and organs, handling it all with a lot of technique and no special distinction. They're primarily a vocal group, left with little irregularities and occasional lapses! instrumentally they are too well-rehearsed to be exciting.

This LP, in common with most try-too-hard first major releases by mid-western bands, adds up to a bland one that can be quite addictive if you let it try more than once. If the Guess Who's music is too derivative to get full credit as their own (and it is, it is), call it the major problem of midwestern music: the distillation of accepted influences from all over into something you'd swear you've heard before. On *Wheatfield Soul*, at least, a good native midwestern band has managed to include enough of themselves to warrant a fighting chance as artists.

NANCY EDMONDS



Autosalvage (RCA LSP 3940).

Autosalvage was a band featuring very conventional forces—two guitars, bass, drums. It was composed of four Juillard students who were bound and determined that they weren't going to take the whole thing too seriously and get caught up in the superstar syndrome that seems to be perched like a black angel on the shoulders of New York scenemakers. They didn't perform much live, and the word from people who heard them wasn't very exciting—no stage presence, they did a few Dylan tunes and then split, kind of embarrassed about it all.

But what they did do was make an album. They sat in a studio and laid down stuff and played it back and thought about it and then laid down some more stuff and so on. All under the watchful eye of Bob Cullen, who had worked with the Youngbloods, and apparently knew a thing when he saw it. Then RCA packaged it in a nasty ugly album cover and released it as part of their "Groupquake" well over a year ago.

What a frustrating package. What a wonderful album. The cover doesn't even tell you the names of the guys in the band, so I will: Tom Danaher, lead vocal and rhythm guitar; Skip Boone, bass, brother of Steve Boone of the Spoonful; Rick Turner, lead guitar; Darius Lanoue Davenport, drums and second vocal, whose father, LaNoue Davenport, is a member of the New York Pro Music and plays recorder and krumphorn on "Ancestral Wants," and sackbutt on "Burglar Song."

What the listener hears first is almost invariably sterility. The texture of the group's sound is not changed much from song to song, and the vocals are not very exciting compared to, say, Jimi Hendrix or Janis Joplin. This is the kind of music that you have to sit down and listen to a couple of times before you begin to see an inkling of all that is there. However, if you need instantaneous proof, play the medley on the first side that ends with Leadbelly's "Good Morning Blues," bearing in mind that this is a tightly and intricately constructed album and the cut is even more impressive when you have played the albums from the beginning.

Autosalvage doesn't sound like anybody else (although "Me and My Monkey" on the new Beatles album sounds like they might have heard Autosalvage). But Autosalvage never sold. You may have a bit of a time finding it in the stores, but keep looking and you will be very amply rewarded.

EDMUND G. WARD



Wheatstraw Suite, The Dillards (Elektra EKS 74035)

The latest album by one of the most popular country-bluegrass groups, the Dillards, opens with an a cappella gospel chorus called "I'll Fly Away," lasting, roughly forty seconds. It is the purest sort of country music on the whole album. Most of the rest are not

exactly what you might expect from such as the Dillards.

This is not to say the group leave their style behind them and consequently screw up the record. What intrudes is the recurrent sound of lush orchestration, mostly strings. The thirteen all-too-brief songs show a diverse variety of styles within the country idiom: bluegrass, citified, folk and gospel. And the Dillards have the skill and means to flow from one to the other with ease. But apparently, they decided that their normal lineup of instruments (guitars, bass, banjo, mandolin, drums) was not enough. So during tunes moving along nicely in simplicity, in creeps the silky sound of the orchestra, reminding one immediately of Glen Campbell.

Aside from these distractions the album is well-paced, features good material and excellent performances. The group now consists of Rodney Dillard, Mitch Jayne, Herb Pederson and Dean Webb. The departure of Douglas Dillard last spring may have had the effect of taking some of the "hills" out of the group.

Some of the better cuts on the album include "I'll Fly Away," "Nobody Knows," "Single Saddle," "I've Just Seen a Face," "Don't You Cry," "Bending the Strings" and "She Sang Hymns Out of Tune." These feature everything from gospel to Gene Autry-type cowboy music ("Single Saddle"). Rodney Dillard and Herb Pederson dominate the vocals, but the full group harmonies, used often, are almost perfect, be they two, three or four part.

The open-minded Dillard fan will find this album more than adequate. The bluegrass purist may mourn the group's big sellout, but the uninitiated would do well to listen. *Wheatstraw Suite* combines one of the more extreme idioms of our folk music with some of the commercial effects of pop music, resulting in a modified, yet authentic presentation of the real thing. The Dillards know what they are doing, violins or no violins, and they do it well.

JIM BICKHART



Ars Longa Vita Brevis, the Nice (Immediate Z1252020).

What may have turned potential Nice freaks off last year was the group's decision to precede their ritual cataclysm "Rondo" with a set that consisted almost in full of boring or tasteless interpretations of the Beatles and Dylan.

But that was a year ago. Since then The Nice have been busy slashing up American flags, smashing busts of our many recent assassination victims, and getting banned from the Albert Hall (quite explicitly) and America (de facto banishment). Now, with their second album, *Ars Longa Vita Brevis*, a sufficiently ambitious work to interest the critics, if no one else, they will no doubt achieve the notoriety they've been trying so hard to attract, musically and otherwise.

"America," which has come to be, literally, the Nice's show-stopper (this is the one they use as background music for their flag-slashing) opens the collection with screaming set against a liturgical organ and choir. Then, after a chorus of the original Bernstein, solos by Emerson and guitarist David O'List (who performs on only two cuts and who is apparently no longer a Nice) front a tumultuous, rumbling avalanche of Lee Jackson's bass and Brian Davison's drums, both of which dart in and out of 7/8 time with Emerson's sporadic returns to the original melodic line. The piece ends with a violent coda led by the rhythm section, "Second Amendment." Emerson, a master of the polyrhythmic, pyrotechnical jazz organ, does with his ax what people like Beck and Clapton do with their guitars (in terms of excitement).

Unfortunately, one of the group's biggest problems is not knowing what would be better left to other artists. Despite the fact that they're not really very witty and have next to no vocal ability they apparently felt compelled to stick three awkward and heavy-handed Social Satire songs in between their serious stuff. "Daddy Where Did I Come From" belabors the tired in poking fun at a father who backs out of a birds-and-bees confrontation with his son by resorting to the pollinated-flower metaphor. "Arabella" is a parody of schlock-jazz and closes with an unamusing, unnecessary comic dialogue. And "Happy Freuds," dedicated to "people who really know themselves," is a Mothers-type sneer-song that should have been left to the Mothers.

The intermezzo from Sibelius's "Karelia Suite" is one of the last things one would expect to find following such fare. It does anyway, featuring Emerson, whose love of the classics was particularly evident in his solos on the first album, playing, with the fastest right hand in rock and roll, what was written for entire sections of horns. Buzzing feedback and ping-ponging cymbal crashes lead into the march-like "Don Edito El Gruva," which closes amid police whistles and "Revolution 9"-type backwards violins.

The second side is covered by a trackless, ultra-ambitious (and somewhat pretentious), rather formidable work entitled "Ars Longa Vita Brevis," which is the Nice's extension of the Allegro from Bach's Brandenburg "Concerto No. 3." As can be expected, it comes out as a showpiece for Emerson's considerable genius as a pianist, organist, and composer. Only in the movements of Awakening (a drum solo by Davison—rather an interesting way of expressing awakening, it must be admitted) and Realization (which features a brief vocal by Jackson as preface) is the celebration of the immortality of art anything other than an impressive tour-de-force by the best organist in rock.

In a way, it seems strange that the Nice, apparently so concerned with the nature and importance of art, should choose the relatively inaccessible (to the hirsute and velvet-trousered young-twenties who are, after all, their peers) medium of third-stream jazz as the vehicle for their ambitious artistic statement. Hopefully *Ars Longa Vita Brevis*, despite its demands on the cerebrum, will earn them the attention they need.

JOHN MENDELSON

The Moon Is In Shao's Baby

The moon is in the baby's head, and neck.

The yellow clouds are the baby's bodies.

When the knife chops the baby's head off, the blood spurts over ones of us. When we call for you, you give us our blood.

All we need now is more rain.

—Lewis MacAdams

Cantata for Anne

Six years ago
this March
late one night
those jack bounce
rhymes raccoon
tracks down
your back
sound of thrushes
under your
tongue you
stood still for
over an hour blue
berry vines gone
wild all up your
legs I drew those
sketches I wish I'd
kept

played guitar
made it with you
standing up
now
like Kyoshi's first
butterfly you are
lost to sight.

—Gary Von Tersch

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Random Notes

—Continued from Page 4

Bound, as "almost paranoid" about race relations and "potentially suicidal." He recently quit a \$10,000 a year job with the Ohio State Employment Bureau in Cleveland in order to become the education chief of New Republic of Africa, a Black Nationalist group; then went on his death trip. Whch!

Yvette Mimieux and manager Jim Byron have formed their own sort of urban Elektra Ranch, a 37-room mansion in the Hollywood Hills where since the first of the year songwriters have been living and working. The "tune development center," known as "Ye Olde Rocke Conservatorie," has turned out 33 copyright tunes, some of which for sure to be sung by a combo called Sufi Pipkin. The whole operation, with management firm and publishing corp., has already cost \$100,000.

Bernadette Devlin, the fiercely beautiful spokeswoman of Northern Ireland's oppressed Catholic minority, got an unprecedented response to her maiden address in Parliament: Socialist backbenchers shouted out, "Sock it to them!"

More unhappiness in the camp of the Mamas and the Papas. On May 5th, Papa John Edmund Phillips, 26, filed for divorce against Mama Holly Michelle, 24, on grounds of extreme cruelty. He has temporary custody of their daughter, 14-month-old Gilliam Chynna, and is asking the court to make it permanent. John is charging Michelle with extreme cruelty toward him and neglect toward the child. They were married in 1962, separated this January, and the whole thing got really unpleasant recently during transcontinental squabbling over the child.

MUSICIANS' FREE CLASSIFIED

Free space is provided here for hungry musicians: If you need a gig, are looking for someone to play with or something to play, feel free to mail us your ad, short and to the point. If you have something to sell, on the other hand, you pay (\$2.50 per line, enclosed with the ad). Be sure to indicate city and state when you mail your ad to: Musicians' Classified, 746 Brannan Street, San Francisco, California 94103.

BLUES SINGER, exp., big voice, seeks working band east or west coast. Kathy—332-2253, c/o Rose, 603 Humboldt Ave., Sausalito, Calif.

BASS WITH EQUIP., songs, seeks original group to live and work together. Will travel for right people—Bob, 933-1523, 417 10th St., Carlsbad, N.J.

DRUMMER, JAZZ, rock & blues, looking for group. Bob Kimmel—873-2806, 67 E. 17th St., Bronx, N.Y.

BASS, 25, jazz & rock exp., desires work with ambitious group. After 5:00—644-7446, San Francisco.

REED MAN (sax, flute, oboe, clar., picc.) looking for work. Exp. Rich—649-3157, Berkeley.

WANTED: DRUMMER, heavy & driving, for 4tet (gtr., flute, bass), jazz & rock, originals. Barbara Jackson—639 Sta. Clara Ave., Venice, Calif.

DRUMMER, 21, 13 yrs. exp., available anytime. Larry—263-0289, Milpitas, Calif.

HEAVY TUBA, into Smoke, J. Cash, the band, seeks gig. Don't write unless you've got it together & you're Bob Dylan. Pete—257 Evergreen, Mill Valley, Calif.

BASS, DOUBLE on guitar, sing, other acoustic instruments just fine, sought by Bob—368-9695, Mill Valley, Calif.

TABLADRUMMER/POLK guitarist-singer, 8 yrs. exp., from Coast now in N.Y.—seek aware & poetic musicians. Bert—UN 4-9211, 600 W. 113th St., Apt. 11-A-5, N.Y.

NEED BASS with equip., exp. for hard-working group, ready to record. Over 21—Slideminder 375-9379, Monterey, Calif.

WANTED: LEAD & rhythm gtr., drummer, sing or write. Reforming group, have released album product, contracts waiting. Mitch—(516) 599-4746, N.Y.

LIGHTSHOW WILL travel—expd. 3-man show, color organs, strobes, liquid, movie & slide projections, 25 spots & floods. Aurora Borealis—WA 7-3060, N.Y.

BLUES BASSIST, keyboard man & drummer wanted for blues band with harp & lead. Dan Temming—931-8148, Cincinnati.

VOICE, MANY songs looking for band in K.C. area. Barry Frick—9 E. 29th, K.C., Mo.

DEDICATED BLUES harp wants to form group with real blues musicians. Like Little Walter, Buddy Guy, R.B. Frank—DA 9-2857, L.A.

GUITARIST/LYRICIST, 22 yrs., no prof. exp., wants to form versatile group. Doug Russell—TR 3-6300, N.Y.

DRUMMER WANTED to jam with eclectic rock group. Larry—NA 9-0018, N.Y.

DRUM CHAIR vacant in working, recording voodoo-casbah-blues band. Expd. only. Juke—763-7214, 598-2391, 651-4144, L.A.

WANTED: GUITARIST for 4tet, doing English and original material, Boston area. Stew—296-1255, Mattapan, Mass.

HEAVY DRUMMER looking for original funky group. Travel. Jerry Nolan—MI 7-7523 (day), ST 4-3134 (night), 189 Pine St., Brooklyn.

EXPERIMENTAL, noncommercial group seeks bassist, will consider someone from outside pop & rock. Don—326-1545, AI—326-9581, Palo Alto, Calif.

FEMALE SINGER, 19, seeks job with good band, folk, rock, blues. Kathie (after 6)—464-0345, Berkeley Heights, N.J.

AMBITIOUS FOLK rock group, agency ties, seeks lead singer, pref. female, with prof. exp. Mr. Gehrke—525-5290, Berkeley.

WANT DRUMMER to join 2 (possibly 3) songwriter-musicians, original neo-folk-rock, NYC area. Hughie—(914) MO 8-1853, nights.

NEW LEFT musicians need for new band The Industrial Workers of the World. Elaine Esposito—1815 18th Ave., Seattle.

GAY GUITARIST, bassist looking for gay musicians. No set bag, young, beginners OK. Rodger or Larry—226-5492, N.Y.

CHICK SINGER available: If you tend to forget the record & just sit down & cook, I think I love you. Adrienne—756-9180 (before 5:30), San Francisco.

DRUMMER, BASS, singer needed to split with piano & gtr. for summer of hard work at Vermont retreat. John—864-2864, Cambridge, Mass.

FLUTIST WANTS to join serious group. 10 yrs. exp., class. background, improvise rock, blues. Arnie—843-6914, 2919 Fulton, Berkeley.

WANTED: DRUMMER for blues-rock-classical group. R.B. to Stravinsky, weirdo orig. material. For summer or longer, Robert Urbino, Ivy Towne Apts., Davis, Calif.

TWO SONGWRITERS need musicians for new group. Laura—677-6453, Terry—537-1019, 5-9 P.M., N.Y.

LYRICIST/CRITIC wants to write with group probing current scene. Need bread eventually. Expd. Aries. Don Hiemforth, 503 Ocean Front Walk No. 303, Venice Calif.

WILL PREPARE songs for copyright. Paul—525-8473, Berkeley.

GUITARIST/VOCALIST, record. exp. & stage presence, sought by bass, drummer & vocalist aborted from Atco. Harper—631-0723, Boston.

INDIAN MUSIC taught by Ali Akbar Khan & other great artists, June 16 to Sept. 12. Sarod, sitar, tabla, etc., all levels. Ali Akbar College of Music—567-6755, Box 297, Sausalito, Calif.

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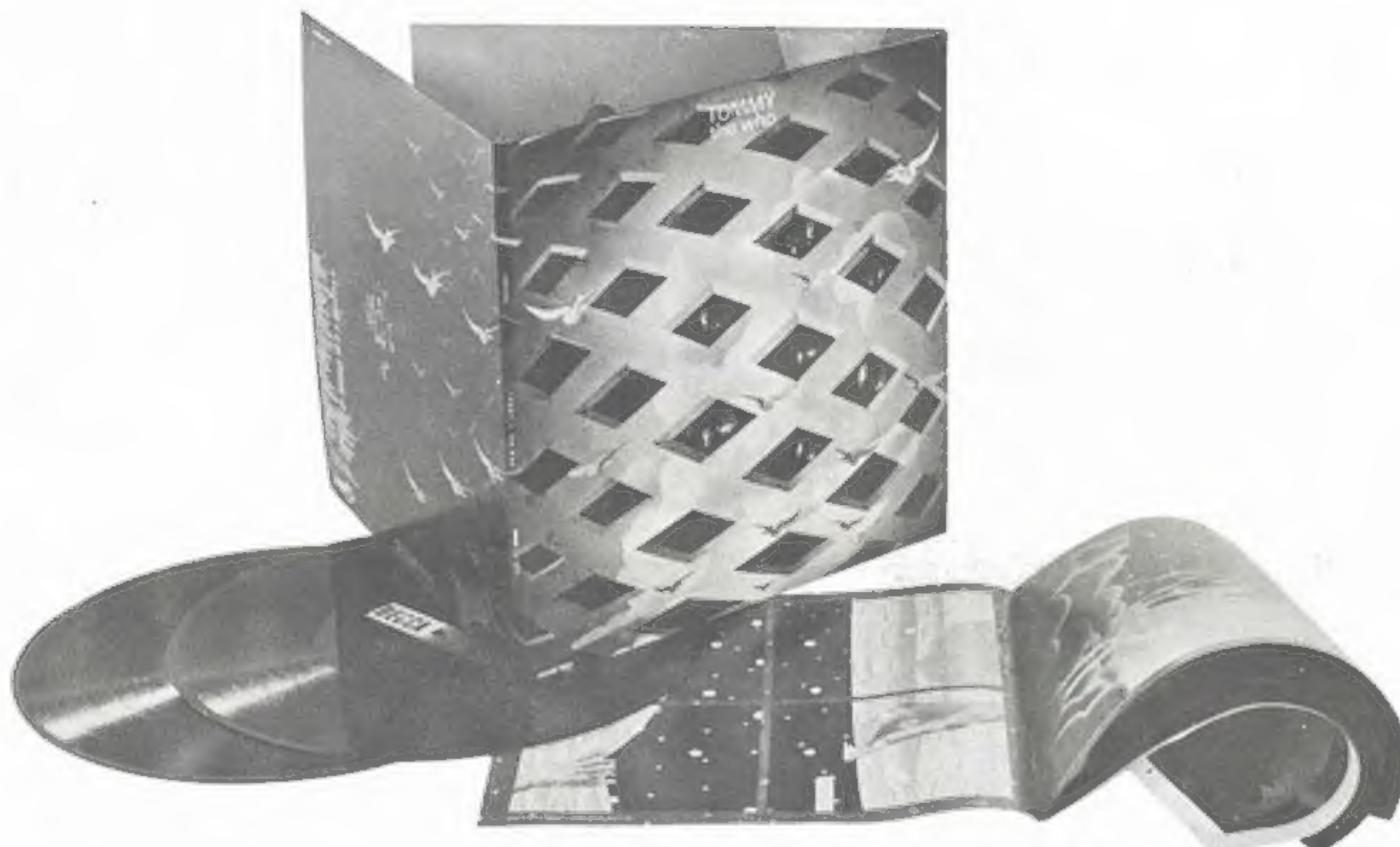


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